INTERESTING

ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,

ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,

AND

POETICAL FRAGMENTS;

TENDING TO

AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE MORALITY.

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A

COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ANECDOTE

OF LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

NO woman ever united more real fortitude with ſo much tenderneſs and feeling as this illuſtrious character.

She was the moſt affectionate of wives; and yet had ſufficient ſtrength of mind to take off the proceedings at the trial of her illuſtrious huſband, Lord Ruſſel, no other perſon being permitted, by an inhuman Judge, to uſe a pen or pencil on the occaſion. And many years after, when ſhe was in a very advanced age, her two daughters, the Ducheſſes of Bedford and Devonſhire, happening to lie-in juſt at the ſame time, one of them

 died

died in child bed, and the afflicted mother being a few days afterwards with her only ſurviving daughter, was ſtrictly queſtioned by her as to the health of her ſiſter, of whoſe fate ſhe had ſome ſuſpicion; when this venerable and heroic woman, calling forth all her ſtrength of mind, to prevent the ſhock, which muſt have been dangerous at ſuch a period, aſſumed a ſmile, and ſaid, "Make yourſelf eaſy, my dear, I have kiſs'd your ſiſter out of bed to-day." This was literally true, for ſhe had kiſſed her in her coffin.

ANECDOTE of BISHOP BURNET.

BISHOP Burnet was famous for that abſence of thought which conſtitutes the character which the French call *l'etourdie*. All the world knows, that in Paris, about the year 1680, ſeveral ladies of quality were impriſoned, on ſuſpicion of practiſing a concealed method of poiſoning; and, among the reſt, the Counteſs of Soiſſons, niece of Cardinal Mazarine, and mother of the famous warrior Prince Eugene, of Savoy. In the latter end of Queen Ann's reign, when that Prince came over to England, Biſhop Burnet, whoſe curioſity was as great as that of any woman in the kingdom, begged of the Duke of Marlborough,

borough, that he might have the ſatisfaction of being in company with a perſon, whoſe fame reſounded through all Europe. The Duke complied with his requeſt, on condition that he would be upon his guard againſt ſaying any thing that might give diſguſt; and he was invited to dine with the Prince and other company at Marlborough Houſe. The Biſhop, mindful of the caution, reſolved to ſit ſilent and *incognito* during the whole entertainment; and might have kept his reſolution, had not Prince Eugene, ſeeing him a dignified Clergyman, taken it into his head to aſk him who he was. He was no ſooner informed that it was Dr. Burnet, of whom he had often heard, than he addreſſed himſelf to the Biſhop, and, among other queſtions, aſked him how long it was ſince he left Paris? Burnet, fluttered by this unexpected addreſs, and ſtill more perplexed by an eager deſire to give the ſatisfaction deſired, anſwered with precipitation, that he could not recollect the year, but it was at the time when the Counteſs of Soiſſons was impriſoned. He had ſcarce pronounced theſe words, when his eyes meeting thoſe of the Duke's, he inſtantly recognized his blunder, and was deprived of all the diſcretion he had left. He redoubled his error, by aſking pardon of his Highneſs: he ſtared

wildly around, and, ſeeing the whole company embarraſſed, and out of countenance, retired in the utmoſt confuſion.

ANECDOTE

OF GENERAL BURGOYNE,

As relatea by Himſelf.

IN Portugal he had been poſted, with a body of ſix thouſand Britiſh and ſome Portugueze ſoldiers. on the banks of the Tagus, to diſpute the paſſage of that river with the whole Spaniſh army. The renowned Count de Lippe, the Generaliſſimo of all the forces and auxiliaries of Portugal, found every delay he could throw in the way of the enemy, of ſo much importance, that he ſent poſitive orders to diſpute the paſs to the laſt man.—If he found it impoſſible to withſtand the enemy, he was to abandon to them his camp, his artillery, and proviſions, excepting as much of the latter as his men could carry at their backs, and retreat as ſlowly as he could to the mountains on his left, from whence he was to join the main army in ſmall detachments. The Count accompanied the order with theſe words, " I know to what a rude trial I expoſe the feelings of a gallant officer, when I order him to abandon his camp to the enemy; but

but the nature of the ſervice requires ſuch a ſacrifice. Do you execute the orders, I will take meaſures on myſelf, and juſtify you in the ſight of the world.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

AN ALLEGORY.

PROSPERITY and Adverſity, the daughters of Providence, were ſent to the houſe of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velaſco, whoſe reſidence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom. Proſperity, the eldeſt, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the ſpring; but Adverſity was ſorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velaſco had two ſons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the ſtricteſt harmony and friendſhip.—But love, before whom all the affections of the ſoul are as the traces of a ſhip upon the ocean, which remains only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to ſet them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Proſperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns;

turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, ſhe avowed a reſolution never to marry, unleſs her ſiſter, from whom ſhe ſaid it was impoſſible for her to be long ſeparated, was married at the ſame time.

Velaſco, who was no ſtranger to the paſſions of his ſons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent conſequences, obliged them, by his authority, to decide their pretenſions by lots; each previouſly engaging, by a ſolemn oath, to marry the nymph that ſhould fall to his ſhare. The lots were accordingly drawn; and Proſperity became the wife of Felix, and Adverſity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of theſe nuptials, Velaſco died, having bequeathed to his eldeſt ſon Felix, the houſe wherein he dwelt, together with the greateſt part of his large fortune and effects.

The huſband of Proſperity was ſo tranſported with the gay diſpoſition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and ſilver, and adorned her with jewels of ineſtimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his garden, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained

tertained at his table the Nobles of the land, delighting their ears with muſic, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as ſtrangers, and the companions of his youth paſſed by him unregarded. His brother alſo became hateful in his ſight, and in proceſs of time he commanded the doors of his houſe to be ſhut againſt him.

But as the ſtream flows from its channel, and loſes itſelf among the vallies, unleſs confined by banks, ſo alſo will the current of fortune be diſſipated, unleſs bounded by œconomy. In a few years the eſtate of Felix was waſted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were ſeized by the mercileſs hands of creditors. He applied himſelf for ſupport to the Nobles and great men whom he had feaſted and made preſents to; but his voice was as the voice of a ſtranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected, derided him in their turn; his wife alſo inſulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart ſo bewitched with her ſorceries, that he purſued her with entreaties, till by her haſte to abandon him, her maſk fell off, and diſcovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariouſly on the ſcanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deſerted him and that he died in a ſhort time, wretched and in exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already obſerved, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adverſity, though hateful to his heart, and a ſpectre to his eyes, was the conſtant attendant upon his ſteps; and to aggravate his ſorrow. he received certain intelligence that his richeſt veſſel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was loſt upon the Lybian Syrtes; and to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greateſt part of his ready money was entruſted, had deſerted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. Collecting, therefore, the ſmall remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adverſity through unfrequented roads, and foreſts overgrown with thickets, he came at laſt to a ſmall village at the foot of a mountain.—Here they took up their abode for ſome time; and Adverſity, in return for all the anxiety he had ſuffered, ſoftening the ſeverity of her looks, adminiſtered to him the moſt faithful counſel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things,

things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole truſt and happineſs in their government and protection. She humanized his ſoul, made him modeſt and humble; taught him to compaſſionate the diſtreſs of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

" I am ſent (ſaid ſhe) by the Gods, to thoſe alone whom they love; for I not only train them up, by my ſevere diſcipline, to future glory, but alſo prepare them to receive, with a greater reliſh, all ſuch moderate enjoyments as are not inconſiſtent with this probatory ſtate. As the ſpider, when aſſailed, ſeeks ſhelter in its inmoſt web, ſo the mind which I afflict contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happineſs to itſelf. It was I who raiſed the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon, to ſo divine a height, and ſet them up as guides and examples to every future age.— Proſperity, my ſmiling, but treacherous ſiſter, too frequently delivers thoſe whom ſhe has ſeduced to be ſcourged by her cruel followers, Anguiſh and Deſpair; while Adverſity never fails to lead thoſe who will be inſtructed by her to the bliſsful habitations of Tranquillity and Content."

Uranio liſtened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earneſtly on her face, the

deformity of it ſeemed inſenſibly to decreaſe.—By gentle degrees his averſion to her abated; and, at laſt, he gave himſelf wholly up to her counſel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wiſe maxim of the Philoſopher, "That thoſe who want the feweſt things, approach neareſt to the Gods, who want nothing." She admoniſhed him to turn his eyes to many thouſands beneath him, inſtead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and ſplendour; and in his addreſſes to the Gods, inſtead of aſking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet ſtate, and unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more compoſed and reſigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her ſociety, ſhe at laſt addreſſed him in the following manner: "As gold is purged and refined from droſs by the fire, ſo is Adverſity ſent by Providence, to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my taſk is finiſhed; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whoſe lot was Proſperity, and whoſe condition you ſo much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at laſt releaſed by death from the moſt wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adverſity; whom,

whom, if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy."

As ſhe pronounced theſe words, ſhe vaniſhed from his ſight. But though her features at that moment, inſtead of inſpiring their uſual horror, ſeemed to diſplay a kind of languiſhing beauty, yet, as Uranio, in ſpite of his utmoſt efforts, could never prevail upon himſelf to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wiſhed for her return. But though he rejoiced in her abſence, he treaſured up her counſels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himſelf again to merchandize; and having, in a ſhort time, acquired a competency ſufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpoſe, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and huſbandry; in quelling all diſorderly paſſions, and informing his mind by the leſſons of Adverſity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which ſtood under a tuft of trees, encompaſſed with eglantine and honeyſuckles.—Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a ſpring iſſuing from a rock; and over the door was

written, in large characters, the following inſcription:

" *Beneath this moſs-grown roof, within this cell,*
" *Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.*
" *Say, you who dare this happy place diſdain,*
" *What Palace can diſplay ſo fair a train?*"

He lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

ON a large heath, called Shag's Heath, about a mile and a half from Woodlands, in Horton pariſh, Dorſetſhire, is an aſh tree, under which the unfortunate Duke was apprehended.

The tradition of the neighbourhood is, that after the defeat at Sedgemoor, the Duke and Lord Lumley quitted their horſes at Woodyeat's; whence the former, diſguiſed as a peaſant, wandered hither. He dropped his gold ſnuff box in a pea field, where it was afterwards found full of gold pieces, and brought to Mrs. Uvedale, of Horton. One of the finders had fifteen pounds for half the contents or value of it. The Duke went on to the iſland, as it is called, a cluſter of

ſmall

ſmall farms, in the middle of the heath, and there concealed himſelf in a deep ditch, under the aſh.

When the purſuers came up, a woman, who lived in a neighbouring cot, gave information of his being ſomewhere in the iſland, which was immediately ſurrounded by ſoldiers, who paſſed the night there, and threatened to fire the neighbouring cots. As they were going away next morning, one of them eſpied the brown ſkirt of the Duke's coat, and ſeized him. The ſoldier no ſooner knew him, than he burſt into tears, and reproached himſelf for the unhappy diſcovery.

The family of the woman who firſt gave the information, are ſaid to have fallen into decay, and never thriven afterwards.

The Duke was carried before Anthony Ettrick, of Holt, a Juſtice of Peace, who ordered him to London. Being aſked what he would do if ſet at liberty? he anſwered, if his horſe and arms were reſtored, he only deſired to ride through the army, and he defied them all to take him again.—Farmer Kerley's grandmother, lately dead, ſaw him, and deſcribed him as a black, genteel, tall man, with a dejected countenance.

The

The cloſe where he concealed himſelf is called Monmouth Cloſe, and is the extremeſt N. E. field of the iſland. The tree ſtands in a hedge, on a ſteep bank, and is covered with initials of the names of perſons who have been to ſee it.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING.

HIS Majeſty generally, after dinner, made it a rule to viſit the Counteſs of Yarmouth.—In paſſing through the chambers to her apartments one evening, only preceded by a ſingle page, a ſmall canvas bag of guineas, which he held in his hand, accidentally dropped, when one of them rolled in under a cloſet, where wood was generally kept for the uſe of the bedchamber. After the King had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himſelf deficient of a guinea, and, judging where it went,—"Come," ſays he to the page, "we muſt find this guinea; here, help me to throw out this wood." The page and he accordingly fell to work, and in a little time found it. "Well," ſays the King, "you have wrought hard, there's the guinea for your labour, but I would have nothing loſt."

No bad example in the high departments of State.

An ANECDOTE.

THE Earl of St. Albans, Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria, in all her misfortunes, found himſelf at the Reſtoration but in an indifferent condition. Being one day with Charles the Second, when all diſtinctions were laid aſide, a ſtranger came with an importunate ſuit for an employment of great value, which was juſt vacant. The King ordered him to be admitted, and bid the Earl perſonate himſelf. The gentleman addreſſed himſelf accordingly, enumerated his ſervices to the Royal Family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means, (replied the Earl) and I am only ſorry that, as ſoon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend there, the Earl of St. Albans, (pointing to the King) who has conſtantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myſelf, and has hitherto gone ungratified: but when any thing of this kind happens again, worthy your acceptance, pray let me ſee you."—The Gentleman withdrew.—The King ſmiled at the jeſt, and confirmed the grant to the Earl.

ANECDOTE

OF THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS.

THERE was at Rome, in the time of the Emperor Auguſtus, a poor Greek poet, who, from time to time, when the Emperor went out of his palace, preſented him with a Greek epigram; and though the Emperor took it, he never gave him any thing; on the contrary, having a mind one day to ridicule him, and ſhake it off, as ſoon as he ſaw him coming to preſent him with his verſes, the Emperor ſent him a Greek epigram of his own compoſing, and writ with his own hand. The poet received it with joy; and, as he was reading it, he ſhewed by his face and geſtures that he was mightily pleaſed with it. After he had read it, he pulled out his purſe, and, coming up to Auguſtus, gave him ſome few pence, ſaying, "Take this money, Cæſar; I give it you, not according to the merit of the verſes, but to my poor ability: had I more, my liberality would be greater." The whole company fell a laughing, and the Emperor more than the reſt, who ordered him a hundred thouſand crowns.

ANECDOTE of MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN the year 1712, Matthew Prior, who was then Fellow of St. John's, and who, not long before, had been employed by the Queen as her Plenipotentiary at the Court of France, came to Cambridge, and next morning paid a viſit to the Maſter of his own College. The Maſter (whether Dr. Gower, or Dr. Jenkins, is uncertain) loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a reſpect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater reſpect for himſelf. He knew his own dignity too well to ſuffer a Fellow of his College to ſit down in his preſence. He kept his ſeat himſelf, and let the Queen's Ambaſſador ſtand. Piqued a little at that, Mat compoſed an extempore epigram on the reception he had met with. It was not reckoned in thoſe days that he had a very happy turn for an epigram; but the occaſion was tempting, and he ſtruck it off as he was walking from St. John's College to the Roſe, to dinner. It was addreſſed to the Maſter, and was as follows:

I *ſtood*, Sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow chair;
But make a Biſhop's throne your ſeat,
I'll *kneel* before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great ſoul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a Biſhop's throne,
Pay *homage* to the Queen.

On HAPPINESS.

" ——— Alas, where ſhall we find,
" Some ſpot to real happineſs confin'd?"

THIS penſive enquiry has not been confined to the breaſt of the ingenious Dr. Goldſmith alone, but, in the hours of adverſity and diſappointment, it has been the language of all the progeny of Adam. It has often ſprung from real, ſometimes from imaginary infelicity; which is frequently increaſed, and often wholly proceeds from our making a falſe eſtimation of human happineſs. We are apt to place a higher value on every bleſſing not in our poſſeſſion, than on thoſe we enjoy. The proſpect of every diſtant good is embelliſhed with charms, which loſe their luſtre on a nearer approach, or pall with familiarity.

It is not unuſual with us to imagine the condition of others preferable to our own: we change our ſituations, but therein find not the happineſs we expected, and yet remain unconvinced of our folly.

folly. We purſue, vainly purſue, the fleeting phantoms which enfeebled Hope raiſes in the diſtempered imaginations, although diſappointment attends every ſtep, and mocks every endeavour. We either find the objects of our wiſhes recede in proportion to our advances, or, if poſſeſſed, that they prove inadequate to our ſanguine expectations.

One of the moſt deceitful bubbles that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is *wealth:* it glitters at a diſtance, and appears replete with every requiſite eſſential to terreſtrial felicity: it attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles in the breaſts of its candidates an inextinguiſhable ardour to acquire it. By weak minds it is conſidered as the *ſummum bonum* of ſublunary good; and therefore, to attain it, is to exclude every want, to poſſeſs every ſatisfaction.

But, alas! wealth often flies the purſuer, and in the end leaves him tired, languid, and diſappointed, with the fruitleſs chace. To ſome, indeed, ſhe grants her favours with peculiar liberality, and admits them to rifle her treaſury. But are theſe in "a ſpot to real happineſs confined?" No, ſurely; they find, by unprofitable experience,

that the poſſeſſion of riches falls far ſhort of their expectations.

Riches are not able to confer that happineſs they promiſe, or to avert thoſe evils they are ſuppoſed capable of preventing. They are unable to limit the licentiouſneſs of deſire, to fill the graſp of avarice, to guard the avenues through which afflictions enter, or to afford that happineſs which is expected from them. The poſſeſſion of wealth introduces wants, not leſs numerous, nor leſs importunate. than thoſe we complain of in a ſtate of poverty. They are, indeed, different in kind, but not leſs deſtructive of that felicity we vainly ſeek after in this imperfect ſtate. We are very apt to conclude that thoſe are exempt from unhappineſs, on whom proſperity beams her radiance, and whoſe dwellings are circumfuſed with affluence. In the erring eſtimation of ſhort-ſighted mortals, their lines are "caſt in pleaſant places;" but a little reflection will convince us that they are "encompaſſed with many ſorrows." View the men who have free acceſs to the temple of riches, and you will not find them happier than others; they have ſtill numerous wants, which increaſe with their acquiſitions; and ſtill more numerous fears, ariſing from their very poſſeſſions, to which thoſe in humble ſtations are ſtrangers.

ſtrangers. Some find their deſires ſtrengthened by the increaſe of their riches; and the more they inherit, the more unbounded is their graſp.—Were it poſſible for ſuch to accumulate all the treaſures of the earth, they would ſtill be unſatisfied, and, like Alexander, weep becauſe there was no other world within their reach to plunder. Others, whoſe deſires are more circumſcribed, and who appear contented with their preſent poſſeſſions, are not leſs unhappy.

Men cannot eſſentially poſſeſs more than they enjoy; the reſt, like a cypher on the left hand of a figure, is of no value, unprofitable as to any uſeful purpoſe; it is only barren ſplendour, which, like the glare of a comet, although it ſhines at a diſtance, yet affords no warmth to invigorate him who gazes upon it: he may contemplate it with barren admiration, but cannot render it ſubſervient to any of the moſt valuable purpoſes of life. Such, therefore, as poſſeſs more wealth than is ſufficient to furniſh the reaſonable wants of humanity, are generally employed in a laborious ſearch after pleaſures yet untaſted, in which they hope to find unmixed happineſs. There is one ſource of pleaſure which the enjoyment of wealth opens to a rational mind, but few there are who find it. The extenſion of help to the helpleſs, of relief

relief to miſery, and of comfort to thoſe who dwell in the regions of adverſity, are employments attended with the pureſt ſatisfaction. To awaken joy in countenances overſpread with the gloom of ſorrow, is attended with ſenſations of the moſt refined delight, and tunes the ſoul to harmony. This is the nobleſt uſe to which wealth can be applied, the eſſential end for which Heaven has diſpenſed it. But, alas! how few are there, amongſt the great and opulent, who exerciſe themſelves in ſuch benevolent, ſuch God-like actions! How few, whoſe minds are refined enough to reliſh the ſatisfaction ariſing from ſuch praiſeworthy conduct!

The generality of the rich ſpend their time and ſubſtance in a courſe of falſely eſtimated pleaſure, which, whilſt it affords a momentary gratification to ſome deſires, creates others, more difficult to be ſatisfied. Every indulgence of the paſſions, beyond the boundaries of reaſon and temperance, either increaſes the appetite for more extenſive enjoyments, or cloys with a languid ſatiety:— Theſe are effects equally deſtructive of true happineſs. In this dilemma, the mind is perpetually toſſed, like a veſſel without a rudder on the boiſterous ocean. It is ſtill hurried on, by the gales of paſſion, in purſuit of ſomething untried, which

is

is ſuppoſed more capable of conferring happineſs; but this, when obtained, leaves us equally unſatisfied, and at an equal diſtance from the object of our wiſhes.

Thus men purſue, with unremitting ardour, that happineſs which, for want of a better regulated judgment, conſtantly eludes their graſp, till, tired with reiterated diſappointment, they quit the ſtage of life and their fruitleſs ſearch together.

It would be a mark of wiſdom in us to conſider the numerous examples of this kind as proper objects of inſtruction. Viewed in this light, they may be uſeful warnings, and teach us to avoid the folly exhibited in their conduct. Let their miſtaken aſſiduity, and conſequent failure of obtaining the grand end of life here, excite others to purſue a different plan, a plan more likely to be attended with ſucceſs.

Compleat ſubſtantial happineſs is not the produce of terreſtrial ſoil. Whilſt we are encompaſſed with the walls of fleſh and human frailty, the avenues through which happineſs viſits the ſoul will not admit ſuch a degree of it as will fill up and ſatisfy our intellectual capacities: but ſtill ſuch a portion of it is within our reach,

as will render this ſtate of exiſtence eaſy and tranquil.

The Sovereign Lord and Governor of univerſal nature has wiſely ordained, that. amidſt the higheſt gratification of time and ſenſe, ſome alloy ſhould be experienced. By theſe means we are led to aſpire after the attainment of that more perfect ſtate, which, in the wiſe determination of his council, we are formed to inherit, when time, and all its deceptive ſcenes, ſhall terminate for ever.

The terms on which this compleat happineſs is declared by eternal wiſdom to be attainable, are ſuch as, if complied with, will alſo tend to the increaſe of our preſent felicity. " Godlineſs is profitable to all things, having the promiſe of the life that now is, and alſo of that which is to come." The more we withdraw our affections from periſhing delights, and endeavour to fix them on celeſtial objects, the more pure, refined, and acute, will be our ſenſe of preſent pleaſures: they will not be purſued to ſatiety, but will only lead the mind to the contemplation of thoſe enjoyments which are divine, permanent, and eternal. The joys which the viſible creation affords, will not then be centered in us as a ſubſtantial, laſting good,

but

but will rather be conſidered as the lower ſteps of that ladder by which we may aſcend to the ſuperior joys of a glorious immortality. By the "good things that are ſeen," and which we enjoy here, we ſhall be excited to ſeek after "thoſe which are inviſible," in that ſtate where the aſpirations of hope will end in certainty, and the panting boſom of deſire will repoſe in compleat fruition.

It is undoubtedly a proof of wiſdom in us to ſeek that happineſs which is attainable in this life, agreeable to the dictates of reaſon and prudence. Our paſſions are ever calling for freſh gratifications; they are clamorous, and not eaſily ſilenced; but we know, that if they were indulged without reſtraint, they would ſoon precipitate us into ruin irretrievable: it is therefore the province of reaſon to regulate them, to curb the rovings of the will, and to point out the boundaries which it ought never to paſs. This reaſon is capable of doing, and thereby of ſecuring us from numerous inconveniences that ariſe from giving the reins to ungoverned paſſions, and free ſcope to a licentious imagination.

Whenever we thus reſtrain our wiſhes and actions, the effects recompence our labour; the

commotions in our breaſts ceaſe, and a calm overſpreads the mind: our deſires are circumſcribed, and, inſtead of murmuring at our lot, we are convinced the bleſſings we receive are infinitely beyond our deſerts.

This ſenſe produces gratitude and humility in our minds, and thence ſpring true contentment and laſting peace. We are ſatisfied with thoſe bleſſings which the munificent Author of our being has ſhowered upon us, and are moſt ſolicitous to make ſuitable returns for his unmerited bounty. In this ſituation of mind the pureſt happineſs is found; and herein we are beſt capable of becoming proper objects for the enjoyment of that ſuperior felicity which awaits the wiſe and virtuous in the realms of immortality and eternal life.

THE FORTUNATE EXPERIMENT;

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

A Tale for the Ladies.

LORD FAIRFIELD, a very amiable nobleman, in the prime of life, and poſſeſſed of a large eſtate in the North of England, was ſo much ſtruck with the beauty, and charmed with the

the converſation and carriage of a young lady, one day at York races, that he could not help making a particular enquiry after her. From the perſon whom he employed, (his own ſteward) for the gratification of his curioſity, he received the following intelligence:

" Her name is Flowerdale, my Lord; her mother is a woman of good family, but having been reduced to narrow circumſtances, by the profuſeneſs of an extravagant huſband, found it neceſſary to live in a very frugal way. Mrs. Flowerdale being alſo a woman who has a great deal of family pride, could not bear to live in or near the place in which ſhe had figured with ſplendour, and therefore retired to a ſmall houſe in D——w, the village which your Lordſhip took notice of, for the pleaſantneſs of its ſituation, when you rode through it laſt ſummer. As ſhe is an excellent œconomiſt, ſhe not only contrives to live with decency, but keeps up a kind of dignity, in her retirement with her daughter, who is, indeed, by what I can find, in every ſhape qualified to make a valuable wife. I mention her *domeſtic* merit, becauſe I am well aſſured that your Lordſhip will never bring yourſelf to ſhare your title and fortune with a woman who has only her outward charms to recommend her."

" You ſay very right, Jenkins; the brighteſt beauty nature ever formed, would not, without *that* merit you have mentioned, make me think of entering into matrimonial connexions; and I am not yet *faſhionable* enough in my principles to ſeduce the *innocent* amongſt the fair ſex, nor ſo regardleſs of my health, as to have any dealings with the *abandoned*. Miſs Flowerdale has, I own, raiſed emotions of the tender kind in my boſom, and upon the ſtrength of what you related concerning herſelf, and her family, I would pay my addreſſes to her immediately, were I certain of being as *perſonally* agreeable in *her* eyes, as ſhe is in mine. By addreſſing her in my own character, I ſhall be apprehenſive, ſuppoſing the improbability of a refuſal, of her cloſing with my propoſals, for the ſake of the rank to which I invite her: I wiſh, therefore, to make my advances to her in ſuch a light, that I may attribute her compliance with my wiſhes to a real prepoſſeſſion in my favour, totally detached from all mercenary conſiderations. Now I have a ſcheme in my head, Jenkins, towards the execution of which, you muſt lend me your aſſiſtance."

" I am always ready, you know, my Lord, to obey your commands."

" I have

"I have ever found you ſo. Your ſon is juſt come from France. *Tom* is no coxcomb; but he can play the part of a coxcombly man of faſhion in a maſterly manner. My deſign is, that *Tom* ſhall perſonate *me*, while I paſs for a decayed gentleman, belonging to him,—an humble friend, an obſequious companion. I have reaſon to believe, from Miſs Flowerdale's looks and behaviour yeſterday, that I am quite a ſtranger to her; and it muſt be my buſineſs to keep her ignorant of my rank in life, till I have made an impreſſion on her heart. The moment I am ſure of having gained my point I ſhall unmaſk."

Lord Fairfield having, in this manner, diſcloſed his ſcheme to Mr. Jenkins, he readily came into it, adding, that he would anſwer for his ſon's doing his beſt in the part intended for him.

Miſs Flowerdale was as much ſtruck with Lord Fairfield as he had been with her: ſhe had never ſeen him before; but ſhe went home, wiſhing with ſome anxiety to ſee him again, ſo powerfully had his fine perſon, elegant manners, and polite converſation, (for he had an opportunity of paying a few reſpectful civilities to her, without being guilty of impertinence) recommended him to her attention. A widow lady, whom Mrs. Flowerdale viſited

viſited in the neighbourhood, had taken her and Cecilia to the courſe; and it was by the unrulineſs of one of the horſes, that Lord Fairfield had the firſt opportunity to enter into a converſation with the latter, who was much frightened upon the occaſion, and whom he greatly relieved by his aſſiduities.

Mrs. Flowerdale obſerving that her daughter was very low ſpirited during their ride home, aſked her ſeveral times, whether ſhe was not well; and Mrs. Hughes, the lady in whoſe carriage they were, joined her interrogatories; but Cecilia evaded the diſcovery of her feelings, by imputing her dejection to the deep impreſſion which the fright had made on her.

In a few days afterwards, a ſmart young fellow, well mounted, and genteelly dreſſed in a laced frock, accompanied by a gentleman in plain cloaths, whom he treated like a led captain, and attended by a ſervant, made his appearance at Mrs. Flowerdale's ſmall but comfortable habitation.

Cecilia was making up a noſegay when they approached. At the ſight of the gentleman whom ſhe had ſeen at the races, the flowers which ſhe had

had in her hands dropped to the floor: ſhe ſtarted, and ran immediately to her mother, in an adjoining apartment, to expreſs her ſurprize:—her pleaſure ſhe kept to herſelf.

The ſmart young fellow having aſked if Mrs. Flowerdale was at home, and being anſwered in the affirmative, diſmounted with agility, and entered the parlour, to which the ſervant conducted him, followed by his companion.

They had not been many minutes in the room before Mrs. Flowerdale came in to them.

"I beg ten thouſand pardons, madam," ſaid the laced gentleman, "for making this viſit with ſo much abruptneſs, as I believe I am an entire ſtranger to you; but I hope the occaſion of it will render any apology unneceſſary. Lord Fairfield would not have been ſo troubleſome, if he had not been too much charmed with the beauty of Miſs Flowerdale, to be able to remain any longer without intreating you to let him pay his addreſſes to her. Yes, Madam; I am deſperately in love with your amiable daughter, and if you will allow me to repeat my viſits as a lover, and conſent to her being Lady Fairfield, you will make me the happieſt man in the three kingdoms."

Mrs. Flowerdale was under no ſmall aſtoniſhment during the firſt part of this ſpeech; but another paſſion took poſſeſſion of her, as the ſpeaker proceeded, and announced the errand on which he waited on her. According to the deſcription which ſhe had heard of the young Lord Fairfield, for ſhe had never ſeen him, he was the man. ſo that ſhe did not ſuſpect his individuality; and ſhe was too much flattered by the concluſion of his addreſs, not to return a very gracious and encouraging reply.

Mrs. Flowerdale, having paid all her attention to his ſuppoſed Lordſhip, had overlooked his companion; but juſt when ſhe was going to bid her ſervant call Cecilia down, ſhe recollected the gentleman who had been ſo obliging to her daughter upon the *courſe*, and repeated her acknowledgments to him for his politeneſs.

When Cecilia came into the room, her cheeks were covered with bluſhes at the ſight of *him*. who had occaſioned a great diſturbance in her gentle boſom, and trembled to ſuch a degree, that ſhe could hardly ſupport herſelf.

" Lord Fairfield, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Flowerdale, " does me the honour to deſire me to admit

mit him as a lover to you. His Lordſhip has ſufficiently apologized for the abruptneſs of his firſt appearance in this houſe; and I expect *you* to be ſufficiently ſenſible of the diſtinguiſhing compliment he pays us both by coming to our poor retreat."

Cecilia, while her mother talked in this ſtrain, ſtood with her eyes riveted on the floor. She had once timidly raiſed them after her entrance; but as they met thoſe of *him* who was not the object of her mother's regard, ſhe threw them down again, and from that inſtant looked exactly like the ſtatue of Modeſty, in the firſt ſtyle of ſculpture.

"Well, madam," ſaid the ſuppoſed Lord Fairfield, "I ſee your amiable daughter is embarraſſed at the ſuddenneſs of my proceedings; I will, therefore, wait on her to-morrow, hoping to find her leſs diſconcerted at the ſight of me." Then making reſpectful bows to Mrs. Flowerdale and to Cecilia, he remounted, and rode away.

When he was gone, Cecilia received a pretty ſharp lecture from her mother, whoſe vanity was exceſſively flattered on the proſpect of ſo brilliant an alliance. "How could you behave ſo ridicu-

louſly. child? you looked like a downright fool; but I hope you will behave with more propriety, and find your tongue. Conſider, Cecy, what a prodigious match this will be for you. Lord Fairfield is, I ſwear, a mighty pretty Gentleman, and ſeems to be extremely good-natured.

Cecilia, with the greateſt earneſtneſs imaginable, begged to be excuſed from ſeeing his Lordſhip again, as ſhe could not poſſibly think of admitting his addreſſes; and being cloſely preſſed to give her reaſon for ſtanding ſo much in her own light, frankly owned that *Mr. Darby* had made too great an impreſſion on her heart to be effaced.

This reply only ſerved to exaſperate her mother againſt her. " Why, ſure, child, you are not in your ſenſes, to prefer a Lord's toad-eater to himſelf; it is eaſy to ſee, by the manner of Lord Fairfield's behaviour to Mr. Darby, on what ſort of a footing he is with him."

The next morning, the ſuppoſed Lord Fairfield made his appearance at Mrs. Flowerdale's without his companion, and exerted all his powers to make himſelf agreeable in Cecilia's eyes, but in vain: he repeated his viſits ſeveral days with the like

like ſucceſs. He made not the leaſt progreſs as a lover.

Lord Fairfield, being at length fully convinced, from the reception which young Jenkins met with, and from many corroborating circumſtances, that he ſtood very high in Cecilia's eſteem, appeared one day at Mrs. Flowerdale's door in a ſuperb equipage, and richly dreſſed. His arrival in that ſtyle ſoon produced a diſcovery; which, though totally unexpected, was altogether pleaſing. In a ſhort time afterwards Cecilia became Lady Fairfield, and acquitted herſelf ſo well in the ſphere of life to which ſhe was raiſed, that ſhe added a luſtre to her coronet, and enjoyed all the felicity with the moſt indulgent of huſbands, which ſhe truly deſerved.

ANECDOTE

OF MRS. PRITCHARD AND A FIDDLER.

THE celebrated actreſs Mrs. Pritchard, having retired with her family, during the ſummer, into a country village, took a fancy to ſee a play acted in a barn. She and her company engaged one of the beſt and moſt conſpicuous ſeats in the little theatre. The ſcenes were made of paſte-

board, and the clothes ſuch as the Manager could borrow or purchaſe. The orcheſtra was filled with one ſingle crowdero. The actors were uncelebrated, it is true, but did their beſt.—Mrs. Pritchard, inſtead of taking up with ſuch fare as the country afforded, laughed ſo loudly and inceſſantly at the buſineſs of the ſcene, that the country audience were offended. Somebody preſent happened to know the great actreſs, and the fiddler aſking her name, was told that ſhe was the great Mrs. Pritchard, of the Theatre-Royal, in London.—"I will give her a hint preſently," (ſaid Crowdero), and immediately played the firſt tune in the Beggar's Opera:

"Through all the employments of life,
"Each neighbour abuſes his brother, &c."

"Come, let's be gone, (ſaid Mrs. Pritchard) we are diſcovered; that fiddler is clever;" and as ſhe croſſed over the ſtage to the entrance, ſhe dropped Crowdero a curteſy, and thanked him for his admonition.

TRUE MEEKNESS.

MEEKNESS, like moſt other virtues, has certain limits, which it no ſooner exceeds than it becomes criminal. She who hears innocence

cence maligned, without vindicating it; falſehood aſſerted, without contradicting it; or religion prophaned, without reſenting it, is not gentle, but wicked.

Meekneſs is imperfect if it be not both active and paſſive; if it will not enable us to ſubdue our own paſſions and reſentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently the paſſions and reſentment of others. If it were only for mere human reaſons, it would turn to a profitable account to be patient; nothing defeats the malice of an enemy like the ſpirit of forbearance; the return of rage for rage cannot be ſo effectually provoking.

True gentleneſs, like an impenetrable armour, repels the moſt pointed ſhafts of malice: they cannot pierce through this invulnerable ſhield, but fall hurtleſs to the ground, or return to wound the hand that ſhot them.

A meek ſpirit will not look out of itſelf for happineſs, becauſe it finds a conſtant banquet at home; yet, by a ſort of divine alchemy, it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce ſome good even from the moſt unpromiſing: it will extract comfort and ſatisfaction from the moſt barren circumſtances: " It will

ſuck

ſuck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

Meekneſs may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obſtruction, and ſmooths every difficulty that might impede their entrance, or retard their progreſs. Honours and dignities are tranſient; beauty and riches frail and fugacious; but this amiable virtue is permanent. And ſurely the truly wiſe would wiſh to have ſome one poſſeſſion which they may call their own in the ſevereſt exigencies. This can only be accompliſhed by acquiring and maintaining that calm and abſolute ſelf-poſſeſſion, which as the world had no hand in giving, ſo it cannot, by the moſt malicious exertion of its power, take away.

THE TOILET LOOKING-GLASS.

IT is my earneſt wiſh to make a ſtrong impreſſion on the minds of my fair readers, becauſe men have always found the influence of their conduct great and irreſiſtible.

Frail daughter of Eve! that vice which renders the moſt beautiful among you diſguſting, which debaſes the moſt exalted, is

GAMING.

It is this vice that poiſons your minds, and makes you forget all the amiable obligations of wife, mother, daughter, ſiſter, and friend.

It is this vice obliterates the gratitude you owe the Deity.

It is this vice deſtroys your taſte for intellectual elegance.

This vice is the ſource of continual unhappineſs.

Read the following example:

THE STORY OF MISS BRADDOCK.

Miſs Frances Braddock was the admiration of every polite circle.—Her perſon was elegant, her face beautiful, and her mind accompliſhed.

She unhappily ſpent a ſeaſon at Bath. The whole *beau monde* courted her acquaintance.—She gave the *ton* not only to the faſhion but to the ſentiments of every aſſembly. Her taſte was admirable, her wit was brilliant.

Her father, at his death, bequeathed twelve thouſand pounds between her and her ſiſter, beſides a con-

a conſiderable ſum to her brother, the late General Braddock, who was cut off with a whole party, on an American expedition againſt the Cherokee Indians.

Four years after the death of her father, ſhe loſt her ſiſter, by which her fortune was doubled,—but alas! in the courſe of a month, by a conſtant application to cards, ſhe loſt the whole.

She fell under the infatuation of her own opinion—She conceived that *judgment* was ſufficient, being totally ignorant of *unfair practice*.

Her misfortune preyed upon her mind, nor did ſhe communicate the cauſe even to her moſt confidential friends for a conſiderable time, till at laſt her mind being unequal to ſtruggle with accumulating adverſity, ſhe declared to an intimate female, that the world ſhould never be ſenſible of her neceſſities, however extreme they might be.

Notwithſtanding her caution, her poverty became known, and her ſenſibility was daily injured by the real and fictitious condolence of her acquaintance, which ſtimulated her to the raſh reſolve of terminating her anxiety, by putting an end to her exiſtence.

On

On the night of perpetrating the act of ſuicide, ſhe retired to her chamber in apparent good health, and in full poſſeſſion of her ſenſes.—Her attendants left her in bed with a candle lighted, as was uſual, and having locked the door, put the key under it.

Miſs Braddock always opened her chamber door in the morning to admit her attendants, but the next morning the maid coming as uſual, and not hearing her miſtreſs ſtir, retired till near two o'clock in the afternoon, when being alarmed at receiving no anſwer to her calling, ſhe employed a man to climb in at the window, when the horrid cataſtrophe of her miſtreſs was diſcovered; and the following facts appeared in the evidence upon the view of the Coroner's inqueſt.

After the departure of the maid on this night, ſhe got out of bed again, and, it is ſuppoſed, employed ſome time in reading, as a book was diſcovered lying open upon her dreſſing-table. She put on a white night-gown, and pinned it over her breaſt; tied a gold and ſilver girdle together, and hanged herſelf on a cloſet door in the following manner:—at one end of the girdle ſhe tied three knots, each about an inch aſunder, that if one ſlipped, another might hold; opening the

door, ſhe put the knotty end over, and then locked it, to ſecure the girdle, at the other end of which ſhe made a nooſe, put it about her neck, and dropping herſelf off a chair, accompliſhed her fatal purpoſe. She hung with her back to the door, and had hold of the key with one of her hands. She bit her tongue through, and had a bruiſe on her forehead, ſuppoſed to have been occaſioned by the breaking of a red girdle, on which ſhe had tried the firſt experiment, and which was afterwards found in her pocket, with a nooſe upon it. The Coroner's inqueſt being called, they returned their verdict *non compos mentis*. On the day after ſhe was decently buried in the abbey church, by the ſide of her brave old father, who happily did not live to weep over the misfortunes of his children.

In her window were found written the following lines:

O Death! thou pleaſing end to human woe!
Thou cure for life! thou greateſt good below!
Still may'ſt thou fly the coward and the ſlave,
And thy ſoft ſlumbers only bleſs the brave.

Thus, by an act of *ſelf-murder*, or of *madneſs*, a young lady, in the 23d year of her age, in the full poſſeſſion

poſſeſſion of perſonal charms, ſenſibility, and virtue, loſt her life, by an unhappy infatuation to a faſhionable vice.

O cards! ye vain diverters of our woe!
Ye waſte of life! ye greateſt curſe below!
May beauty never fall again your ſlave,
Nor your deluſion thus deſtroy the brave.

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERICK THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

IN his laſt illneſs, the King endured many reſtleſs nights: it was his cuſtom to converſe with the ſervant who ſat up with him, by way of entertainment. He ſaid, one night, "I cannot enjoy the leaſt repoſe—do relate ſomething to me."—The poor ſervant, an honeſt young Pomeranian, was doubtleſs at a loſs how to amuſe the King, wherefore he kindly furniſhed him with a ſubject, by aſking, "From whence do you come?"—"From a little village in Lower Pomerania." "Are your parents living?" "An aged mother." "How does ſhe maintain herſelf?" "By ſpinning." "How much does ſhe gain daily by it?"

 "Sixpence."

" Sixpence." " But ſhe cannot live well on that?" " In Pomerania it is cheap living." " Did you never ſend her any thing?" " O yes! I have ſent her at different times a few dollars." " That was bravely done, you are a good boy. You have a deal of trouble with me—have patience—I ſhall endeavour to lay ſomething by for you, if you behave well." Thus the converſation ended. A few nights after, it being again the Pomeranian's turn to ſit up with the King, he called him to his bed-ſide, and ſaid, " Look in that window, and you will find ſomething which I have laid by for you." The lad ſeeing many pieces of gold, was doubtful whether to take them all: at laſt he went to the King, with two in his hand, and ſaid, " Am I to have theſe?" " Yes," replied the good monarch, " all of them, and your mother has received ſome likewiſe." The boy on enquiry heard, to his great joy and ſurprize, ſhe had 100 rix dollars ſettled on her for life.

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN,

WITH REGARD TO THE GENERAL LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE,

A Reaſon why he ſhould be contented with his preſent State.

SAY firſt, of God above, or man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know!
Of man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd, tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What varied being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?

Preſumptuous

Preſumptuous man! the reaſon would'ſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou can'ſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's ſatellites are leſs than Jove?

Of ſyſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Reſpecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain:
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

When

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man
reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then ſhall man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', beings', uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd by his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

THE ANGEL AND THE HERMIT.

A Certain perſon had embraced the life of a hermit from his earlieſt years. It often happens that alone, in a wood, one may enjoy more happineſs than in the ſociety of a convent, or even than in that of the wide world. This hermit, for a long courſe of years, had mortified himſelf

himſelf and faſted, to purify his ſoul. Watching and labour, heat and cold, all extremes were grown familiar to him; but after ſo long a penitence, he began at laſt to think that he had not been ſufficiently recompenſed by God, and to murmur that he had not been raiſed to one of thoſe enviable conditions to which he was often a witneſs when gathering his food. "What!" ſaid he, "does the Almighty load with bleſſings ſuch perſons as neglect him, and leave another that ſerves him faithfully in wretchedneſs and want? Why did he not create the world an equal benefit to all mankind? why ſo unequal a partition of good and evil? ſo ſtrange a diſtribution confounds me!

As the good man, in the courſe of his recluſe life, had acquired but little experience, this conſideration gave him much embarraſſment. He was indeed ſo much puzzled by it, that he reſolved at laſt to viſit the world, and to ſeek for a ſolution of his doubts. He accordingly took a ſtaff and ſet forward on his journey.

He had proceeded but a little way from his cell, when he was met by a young man, of a very agreeable mien and well-proportioned figure, holding a javelin in his hand. His dreſs was that of a ſerjeant at arms, and he ſeemed to belong to the

the train of ſome rich Lord. It was an Angel, who had concealed himſelf in that diſguiſe, in order to paſs undiſcovered. They ſaluted each other, and entered into converſation. "Who is your maſter," ſaid the Hermit? "Sir, it is he who is Maſter of the whole world." "For a certainty, you could not have a better. And where are you going thus equipped?" "I have in this quarter a great variety of acquaintance, and I am going to viſit them. But it is diſagreeable to travel alone, and I wiſh to have ſome perſon to accompany me. You will confer a laſting obligation on me, if you will do me that favour." The hermit, whoſe project would be greatly facilitated by ſuch viſits, readily agreed to the propoſal; and they proceeded together.

The night overtook them, before they could get clear of the wood.—Fortunately they deſcried a hermitage, whither they went to beg a lodging. The hermit gave them as good a reception as his hut could afford; he ſpread great plenty of his frugal fare before them; but when they came to ſay grace, the travellers remarked, that inſtead of praying like them, the hermit was buſy in wiping and rubbing a cup made of curious wood, which he kept by him, and drank out of during the repaſt.

The angel obſerved where he laid it up; and riſing ſoftly in the night, took and hid it: and the next morning, on ſetting off, without ſaying a word, carried it along with him. On the road he mentioned the circumſtance to his companion, who was quite indignant at his behaviour, and wanted to go back and return the cup to the hermit. "Hold," ſaid the angel; "I have my reaſons for acting in this manner; and you ſhall in due time be made acquainted with them. Perhaps you may have further motives hereafter for wondering at my conduct; but know that whatever you ſee me do, it is not without ſufficient cauſe, and remember that you be not ſcandalized at it." The hermit on this reproof was ſilent: he bowed and purſued his journey.

A prodigious fall of rain, which continued the whole day, wet them entirely through their cloaths, they not being able to obtain any ſhelter. Night being come, fatigued and half dead with cold, they entered a town; and as neither of them had money, they were obliged to go from houſe to houſe, aſking in the name of God for an aſylum. Every where they met with a refuſal, for as we obſerve people in general love money ſtill better than they do God, the caſe was much the ſame at that time. The rain ſtill pouring down, they thought

thought it beſt to go and take their ſeat upon the ground, under a flight of ſtone ſteps.

Theſe ſteps formed part of a tolerably handſome houſe belonging to an old uſurer, a very rich man, but one who would not part with a farthing to get his father into Paradiſe. The avaricious landlord ſhewed his head for a moment at the window; when our travellers repreſenting to him the ſad condition they were in, ſupplicated him through charity to grant them a place to lie in. He made them no anſwer; but ſhut the window and retired.

"Brother," ſaid the Angel, "let us remain here, ſince we can procure no better accommodation; this pent-houſe will at leaſt protect us from the rain." But a female ſervant, who overheard their complaints, and came to examine the cauſe, admitted them into the houſe. She gave them a little ſtraw, and they lay down upon it under the ſtaircaſe. A few minutes afterwards, ſhe brought them a ſmall diſh of peaſe, the remains of the miſer's ſupper; and in this manner they paſſed the night, without fire, without light, and almoſt periſhing with cold and moiſture.

On the dawn of day, the hermit wanted to depart." "No," ſaid the angel; "I will not go away, till I have taken leave of my hoſt, and thanked him for his hoſpitality." He went immediately to find him, and, as a mark of his gratitude, begged his acceptance of a ſmall preſent; which was no other than the cup which he had ſtolen the day before from the hermit. The uſurer did not heſitate to accept it. He wiſhed them a good journey, and aſſured them that if, on their return, they brought him ſome other trifling boon, they ſhould be provided with the ſame lodging.

When they were clear of the town, the hermit could not help declaring his aſtoniſhment to his companion: "You want to put me to the proof, I imagine," ſaid he, "when you behave in this ſtrange manner! you ſteal from that good old man who entertained us ſo hoſpitably, merely to give to that blood-ſucker who denied us ſhelter.—Is it your maxim to act in oppoſition to the practice of other men?"—"I have already warned you to be circumſpect in your concluſions," anſwered the angel; "conſider you have paſſed all your life in woods, and that you have had no experience of the world. Once more I deſire you to follow me, and be ſurprized at nothing."

The

The third night they went to take up their lodging in a rich monaſtry. They were received charitably, and ſerved with abundance; but the next morning, the angel, before his departure, ſet fire to the ſtraw of his bed, and took off his companion along with him. As they were aſcending a hill, at ſome diſtance, he deſired the hermit to turn his head and look behind them. By this time the flames had reached the battlements of the monaſtry; all was on fire. The hermit, at the ſight, threw out a loud cry, "Wretch that I am! behold me now an incendiary; whither ſhall I fly? where hide myſelf?" In ſaying which he rolled himſelf upon the earth, ſtruck his breaſt, and curſed the hour when he fell in with a man ſo abominable. "It is in vain that I warn you," ſaid the angel; "you again relapſe into your former error: but for the laſt time I caution you to be attentive and follow me peaceably."

He was at no loſs for a lodging that night, but took up his abode, with the hermit, at the houſe of a reputable tradeſman. This was a reſpectable old man, grown grey with years; he lived in a pious manner with his wife, whom he loved tenderly, and a child of ten years, the only product of his marriage, and the conſolation of his age.—He prepared an entertainment for his gueſts, himſelf

ſelf waſhed their feet, inſiſted on their eating with him at table; and the next day, at parting, embraced them, and bade them a kind adieu.

To gain the high road it was neceſſary for them to paſs through the whole town, and to croſs a river by which it was bounded on one ſide.—The Angel pretending that he was not well acquainted with the ſtreets, prevailed on the good man to permit his ſon to accompany them as far as the bridge, and put them in the right road. The zealous hoſt went immediately and awakened the boy; who got up with alacrity to attend the two travellers. But when they came upon the bridge, and the boy was taking leave of them, the Angel, giving him a ſudden puſh, plunged the youth headlong into the river, where he was ſwallowed up and diſappeared. "I am ſatisfied with what I have done; are you alſo contented?" ſaid he to the hermit. This laſt, at hearing his words, ſeized with diſmay and terror, began to run with all his might, and never ſtopped till he had got a conſiderable way into the country. There he ſat down to fetch breath, and to lament his fate.—What have I been doing? unhappy, miſerable mortal! I abandoned my cell, where I might have ſerved God all my life in peace; and he has, as a puniſhment for my folly, delivered me over

to

to a dæmon, and made me an accomplice of his helliſh crimes!"

He was about to proceed in his lamentation, when the Angel, who had followed him to ſet him right, inſtantly appeared, and addreſſed him as follows: "Friend, liſten to me. The myſterious plans of the Almighty on earth gave you offence in your cell. You dared to call in queſtion his wiſdom, and to prepare yourſelf to conſult earthly beings, and to endeavour ſounding the impenetrable abyſs of his councils. You had periſhed that moment, if his juſtice had given you up.—But he was diſpoſed to employ an angel to enlighten you; and it is I who have been charged with that duty. In vain have I endeavoured to ſhew you that world which you ſought without knowing it: my leſſons have not been underſtood; and I muſt explain myſelf more clearly."

He then entered into the particulars of his conduct, and the explanation of his motives for acting in the manner he had done. He ſpoke of the puerile attachment of the hermit for his cup. "You ſaw," ſaid he, "that vile object occupy his heart, and make him forget the holy obligation of prayer. Henceforward, now that he is deprived of it, his mind, free from all other affec-

tions,

tions, may be entirely devoted to God. I gave the uſurer the cup, as a return for the reception he was obliged to give us at his houſe; becauſe God leaves no good action unrewarded; but it is the only recompence that man will receive: his avarice will one day be puniſhed. The Monks, whoſe convent I reduced to aſhes, were at firſt poor and laborious, and conſequently led an exemplary life. Enriched by the indiſcreet liberalities of believers, they have been corrupted; for it is a misfortune in Monks to be rich. In that place which they had erected for their abode, their whole time was occupied in ſchemes for extending their poſſeſſions, or in intrigues to ſupplant each other in the offices of the monaſtry. If they appeared in their hall, it was only to hear tales, or to paſs their time in trifling amuſements. Inſtitutions, rules, church regulations, duties, all were neglected. God, to correct them, thought proper to reduce them to their former poverty. They will rebuild a monaſtry that will be leſs magnificent; this work will afford ſubſiſtence to many labourers and poor artiſts; and they themſelves, being obliged, as in their firſt ſtate, to cultivate the earth, will become poſſeſſed of more humility and goodneſs."

" You force my approbation of your conduct," anſwered the hermit; " but why did you deſtroy that innocent child, who ſeemed ſo eager to render us a ſervice? why deprive of its only comfort the old age of that reſpectable man, whoſe benevolence we experienced?" " That old man, by whom we were received only becauſe I took the ſhape of one whom he knew, had for thirty years been employed in acts of charity. Never did the poor preſent themſelves in vain at his door; he even ſtinted himſelf to ſupply them. But ſince he has had a ſon, and particularly ſince that ſon has begun to grow up, his blind fondneſs urging him to amaſs a large patrimony for the youth to inherit, he has become auſtere and avaricious.— Day and night his thoughts have been engaged on profit; and ſoon he would have laid aſide all ſenſe of ſhame, and turned uſurer. The child, dying in innocence, has been received in heaven; the father having no longer any motive for avarice, will recur to his old praiſeworthy maxims; both will be ſaved; and without what you called an atrocious crime both of them had periſhed. Such are the ſecret deſigns of God, ſince you wiſh to know them. But remember that you called them in queſtion; repair to your cell and repent. For my part, I muſt return to heaven.

In ſaying theſe laſt words, the Angel threw off his earthly diſguiſe, and diſappeared. The hermit, proſtrating his face upon the earth, thanked the Almighty for his paternal reprimand. He then returned to his hermitage; where he paſſed the remainder of his days in ſo much ſanctity, that he merited not only forgiveneſs of his error, but alſo the recompence promiſed to a virtuous life.

ODE TO REFLECTION.

'TWAS when Nature's darling child,
Flora, fann'd by zephyrs mild,
The gorgeous canopy outſpread
O'er the ſun's declining head,
Winding from the buz of day,
Thus a bard attun'd his lay:
Nobleſt gifts to mortals given,
Bright reflection! child of Heav'n,
Goddeſs of the ſpeaking eye,
Glancing thro' eternity,
Rob'd in intellectual light,
Come, with all thy charms bedight:
Tho' nor fame nor ſplendid worth
Mark thy humble vot'ry's birth,
Snatch'd by thee from cank'ring care,
I defy the fiend Deſpair;

All

All the joys that Bacchus loves,
All inglorious pleaſure proves;
All the fleeting modiſh toys
Buoy'd by Folly's frantic noiſe,
All, except the ſacred lore,
Flowing from thy boundleſs ſtore!
For when thy bright form appears,
Even wild Confuſion hears;
Chaos glows, impervious Night
Shrinks from thy all-piercing ſight.
Yet! alas! what vain extremes
Mortals prove in Error's ſchemes,
Sunk profound in torpor's trance,
Or with levity they dance;
Or in murmurs deep, the ſoul
Thinks it's bliſs beyond the pole,
Bounding ſwift o'er time and place,
Vacant ſtill thro' boundleſs ſpace,
Leaving happineſs at home;
Thus the mental vagrants roam.
But when thou, with ſober mien,
Deign'ſt to bleſs this wayward ſcene,
Like Aurora ſhining clear,
O'er th' ideal hemiſphere;
Who but hears a ſoothing ſtrain
Warbling " Heav'n's ways are plain?
Who but hears the charmer ſay,
" Theſe obſcure the living ray?"

Self-love, the foulest imp of night,
That ever stain'd the virgin light;
Coward wretch, who shuns to share,
Or soothe the woes which others bear;
Envy, with an eagle's eye,
Scandal's tales that never die;
Int'rest vile with countless tongues,
Trembling for ideal wrongs;
Flatt'ry base, with supple knee,
Cringing low servility;
Prejudice, with eyes askew,
Still suspecting aught that's new;
Would but men from these refrain,
Eden's bowers would bloom again;
Doubts in embryo melt away,
Truth's eternal sun-beams play.

WHAT HAVE YE DONE?

WHEN the Philosophers of the last age were first congregrated into the Royal Society, great expectations were raised of the sudden progress of useful arts; the time was supposed to be near when engines should turn by a perpetual motion, and health be secured by the universal medicine; when learning should be facilitated by a real character, and commerce extended by ships which

which could reach their ports in defiance of the tempeſt.

But improvement is naturally ſlow. The Society met and parted without any viſible diminution of the miſeries of life. The gout and ſtone were ſtill painful, the ground that was not ploughed brought no harveſt, and neither oranges nor grapes would grow upon the hawthorn. At laſt, thoſe who were diſappointed began to be angry; thoſe likewiſe who hated innovation were glad to gain an opportunity of ridiculing men who had depreciated, perhaps with too much arrogance, the knowledge of antiquity. And it appears, from ſome of their earlieſt apologies, that the Philoſophers felt, with great ſenſibility, the unwelcome importunities of thoſe who were daily aſking "What have ye done?"

The truth is, that little had been done compared with what fame had been ſuffered to promiſe; and the queſtion could only be anſwered by general apologies, and by new hopes, which, when they were fruſtrated, gave a new occaſion to the ſame vexatious enquiry.

This fatal queſtion has diſturbed the quiet of many other minds. He that in the latter part of his

his life too ſtrictly enquires what he has done, can very ſeldom receive from his own heart ſuch an account as will give him ſatisfaction.

We do not indeed ſo often diſappoint others as ourſelves. We not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourſelves to form hopes which we never communicate, and pleaſe our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to riſe; and when our days and years are paſſed away in common buſineſs or common amuſements, and we find at laſt that we have ſuffered our purpoſes to ſleep till the time of action is paſt, we are reproached only by our own reflections; neither our friends nor our enemies wonder that we live and die like the reſt of mankind; that we live without notice, and die without memorial: they know not what taſk we had propoſed, and therefore cannot diſcern whether it is finiſhed.

He that compares what he has done with what he has left undone, will feel the effect which muſt always follow the compariſon of imagination with reality; he will look with contempt on his own unimportance, and wonder to what purpoſe he came into the world; he will repine that he ſhall leave

leave behind him no evidence of his having been, that he has added nothing to the ſyſtem of life, but has glided from youth to age among the crowd, without any effort for diſtinction.

Man is ſeldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity, or to believe that he does little only becauſe every individual is a very little being. He is better content to want diligence than power, and ſooner confeſſes the depravity of his will than the imbecility of his nature.

From this miſtaken notion of human greatneſs it proceeds, that many who pretend to have made great advances in wiſdom ſo loudly declare that they deſpiſe themſelves. If I had ever found any of the ſelf-contemners much irritated or pained by the conſciouſneſs of their meanneſs, I ſhould have given them conſolation by obſerving, that a little more than nothing is as much as can be expected from a being, who, with reſpect to the multitudes about him, is himſelf little more than nothing. Every man is obliged, by the ſupreme Maſter of the Univerſe, to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity ſuch abilities as are beſtowed upon him. But he has no reaſon to repine, though his abilities are ſmall, and his opportunities

portunities few. He that has improved the virtue or advanced the happineſs of one fellow-creature; he that has aſcertained a ſingle moral propoſition, or added one uſeful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance, and, with reſpect to mortals like himſelf, may demand, like Auguſtus, to be diſmiſſed at his departure with applauſe.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Field-Marſhal Fretag was taken priſoner at Rexpoede, the French Huſſar who ſeized him, perceiving that he had a valuable watch, ſaid, "Give me your watch:" The Marſhal inſtantly complied with the demand of his captor. A ſhort time after, when he was liberated by General Walmoden, and the French Huſſar had become a priſoner in his turn, the latter, with great unconcern, pulled the Marſhal's watch out of his pocket, and preſenting it to him, ſaid, "Since fate has turned againſt me, take back this watch, it belonged to you, and it would not be ſo well to let others ſtrip me of it."

Marſhal Fretag, admiring this principled conduct of the *Sans Culotte*, who did not know him, took

took back the watch, and immediately after preſented it to the Frenchman, ſaying, " Keep the watch; it ſhall not be mine, for I have been your priſoner."

To the NOBILITY, GENTRY, &c.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF *WANT and MISERY.*

WHILE thro' the drear of froſt and ſnow,
Shiv'ring and ſtarving now we go,
O caſt a tender eye!
For this good end your wealth was giv'n;
You are the delegates of Heav'n,
To ſtop the heart-felt ſigh!

While cloth'd in fur you ſtand elate,
You cannot feel our wretched ſtate,
You cannot form our woe;
Yet muſt each ſympathetic breaſt,
When once it hears how we're diſtreſs'd,
And how forlorn we go,

When cold and hunger both prevail,
And both with equal force aſſail
To wound a mortal frame,

Bring to each mind a horrid view,
A ſcene as horrid as 'tis true,
And almoſt wants a name.

The parent hears his offspring cry,
The children watch the parent's eye,
And catch the falling tear;
They echo back each diſmal groan,
'Till ſoon one univerſal moan
And ſorrow rends the air.

Tho' worthleſs objects may be found,
Who juſtly feel the piercing wound,
Yet be their faults their own;
Leave them to Heav'n while you diſpenſe
Thoſe bleſſings you've receiv'd from thence,
And gain th' immortal crown.

How many pray'rs you'll then obtain!
How many bleſſings not in vain,
Unworthily beſtow'd!
From morn to night, from night to day,
Poor Want and Miſery will pray,
To bleſs the great and good.

SPIRITUAL FELICITY.

WITH regard to Spiritual Felicity, we are not confined to humble views.—Clear and determinate objects are propoſed to our purſuits, and full ſcope is given to our moſt ardent deſires. The forgiveneſs of our ſins, and God's holy grace to guide our life; the protection and favour of the great Father of all, of the bleſſed Redeemer of mankind, and of the ſpirit of ſanctification and comfort; theſe are objects in the purſuit of which there is no room for heſitation and diſtruſt.

Had Providence ſpread an equal obſcurity over happineſs of every kind, we might have had ſome reaſon to complain of the vanity of our condition. But we are not left to ſo hard a fate. The Son of God hath removed that veil which covered true bliſs from the ſearch of wandering mortals, and hath taught them the way which leads to eternal life.

AN ESSAY
ON THE
OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

HAIL ſacred pages! Oracles divine,
Here law und goſpel in coition join,
To teach the world of nature (this ſhort plan),
Man's duty to his God, God's love to man.
Moſes, the prophet, was of old inſpir'd,
To write the law as God the Lord requir'd;
To be obſerv'd by all the Jewiſh train;
Bulls, rams, and goats, were on their altars ſlain;
Kids, lambs, and heifers, thus reſign'd their breath,
And ſhew'd by faith, Meſſiah's wond'rous death.
By faith the patr'archs gain'd their bleſt abode,
(With ſaints and angels they enjoy'd their God;)
Truſting in the Redeemer yet to come,
T' appear in fleſh from the bleſt virgin's womb;
To ſave rebellious man from wrath below,
And crowns immortal on their heads beſtow.
Hark!—Hark! what joy ſerene accoſts my ear?
The night's far ſpent, I think the dawn appear;
Peep out my ſoul of thy bewilder'd ſtate,
And catch the heav'n-born news ere it grows late.
Spring from my breaſt in raptures! oh the thought!
Behold good tidings of great joy is brought;

Which

Which ſhall be to all people their reward,
A Saviour's born, no leſs than Chriſt the Lord.
The glorious heav'nly hoſt, on rapid wing,
Sang praiſes to the God of Iſrael's King,
Who dwells on high; peace ever be on earth,
Good-will to men ſumm'd up their godly mirth.
Then ſwift as thought fled to the realms above,
With tidings of ſalvation, peace and love.
Thus good old Simeon did the child embrace,
Now let thy ſervant, Lord, depart in peace;
My lifted eyes hath thy ſalvation ſeen,
A light prepar'd to light the Gentiles in.
With heavenly raptures! lo. his ſoul was fill'd,
And to Death's cold embraces then did yield.
Jeſus in wiſdom daily did increaſe,
Eſteem'd by God and man, great Prince of Peace;
His precepts far excell'd all human thought,
Which he affirm'd by th' miracles he wrought,
Caſting out devils; by his pow'rful might,
He rais'd the dead, reſtor'd the blind to ſight.
Whilſt impious Jews, who, with malignant ſtrife,
Diſown'd their King, enrag'd, they ſought his life.
Chriſt in the agonizing garden pray'd,
To have this bitter cup remov'd; then ſaid,
O Father, not my will, but thine be done,
Whilſt drops of blood from his bleſt cheeks did run.
While thus he ſpake, a multitude appear'd,
With ſwords and ſtaffs theſe caitiffs were prepar'd;

Then

Then perjur'd Judas in their front drew nigh,
And with a kiſs betray'd his Lord moſt high.
Into the hands of ſinners, lo, he's hurl'd,
As if the greateſt ſinner in the world;
Beat and inſulted by this rabble crowd,
Accus'd with blaſphemy, and mock'd aloud;
Dreſs'd in a purple robe which Herod found,
With thorns his glorious ſacred head was crown'd.
When at the bar of men Chriſt was arraign'd,
Their witneſs prov'd abſurd, and counſel feign'd;
Thrice Pilate did his innocence declare,
In this juſt man no fault at all appear.
Whilſt Jews like Dæmons vent their cruel rage,
Cry'd out for blood, their brutiſh thirſt t' aſſwage.
Pilate, through fear a tumult would ariſe,
Join'd with theſe miſcreants, and receiv'd their lies;
A murd'ring robber by him was ſet free,
That Chriſt might die on the accurſed tree.
(View, O my ſoul! thy Saviour thus abus'd,
Make no reply. tho' impiouſly accus'd!
He's lowly, meek, and calm on ev'ry ſide,
Learn thou from hence to mortify thy pride.)
Behold him on the croſs reſign his breath,
And bow his glorious ſacred head to death.
Stupendous condeſcenſion! love and grace,
That God the Son did thus himſelf abaſe;
He left his Father's boſom to aſſume
Our mortal rags, and ſuffer'd in our room;

He ſhed his precious blood to ſatisfy
His Father's juſtice, and bring ſinners nigh
To God the Father; in, and through the Son,
We're juſtified by faith in him alone.
Within the ſilent tomb awhile he lay,
Conceal'd by death, 'till the third glorious day;
On which he roſe triumphant from below,
Wreath'd with a crown immortal on his brow.
He burſt the bonds of death, the grave, and hell;
Beneath his pow'r their mightieſt efforts fell.
The mighty Conqu'ror up the ætherial ſky
Aſcended, to the bliſsful realms on high;
Upon a throne of grace, at God's right hand,
He ever lives; there pleads for ſinful man,
Till the diſſolving heav'ns with fire abound,
And claſhing elements their noiſe reſound;
The ſun be darken'd, and the earth be burn'd,
The moon to blood oblit'rately be turn'd;
He'll then deſcend from Heav'n in glorious ſtate,
And ſummons all t'appear, both ſmall and great.
Their ſcatter'd duſt, which hath for ages lain,
Shall then be join'd and rais'd to life again,
To hear their final everlaſting doom,
From him who knows all things paſt, preſent, and
to come.
Happy! thrice happy they who ſerv'd the Lord,
But ſinners will receive their juſt reward.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnſon had an audience of the King, by appointment, in the Queen's library, in the courſe of converſation his Majeſty aſked him, "why he did not continue writing?" "Why, Sire," ſays Johnſon, "I thought I had written enough!" "So ſhould I have thought too, Doctor," replied the King, "if you had not written ſo well."

A PRAYER

OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

O THOU eternal, incomprehenſible Being, who art the fountain of mercy, and the ſource of love; thy ſun lights equally the Chriſtian and the Atheiſt; thy ſhowers equally nouriſh the fields of the believers and the infidels: the ſeed of virtue is ſown even in the heart of the impious and the heretic. From Thee, I learn, therefore, that diverſity of opinions does not prevent Thee from being a beneficent Father to all mankind. Shall I, then, thy feeble creature, be leſs indulgent? Shall I not permit my ſubjects to adore Thee in whatever manner they pleaſe?—

Shall

Shall I perſecute thoſe who differ from me in point of thinking? Shall I ſpread my religion with the point of my ſword? O Thou! whoſe mighty power and ineffable love embrace the univerſe, grant that ſuch erroneous principles may never harbour in my breaſt! I will try to be like Thee as far as human efforts can approach infinite perfection; I will be as indulgent as Thou to all men whoſe tenets differ from mine, and all unnatural compulſions in point of conſcience ſhall be baniſhed for ever from my kingdom. Where is the religion that does not inſtruct us to love virtue, and to deteſt vice? Let all religions, therefore, be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their worſhip to Thee, Thou Eternal Being! in the manner they think beſt. Does an error in the judgment deſerve expulſion from ſociety? and is force the proper way to win the heart, or bring the ſwerving mind to a proper ſenſe of religion? Let the ſhameful chains of religious tyranny be parted aſunder, and the ſweet bonds of fraternal amity unite all my ſubjects for ever. I am ſenſible that many difficulties will occur to me in this bold attempt; and that moſt of them will be thrown in my way by thoſe very perſons who ſtyle themſelves thy miniſters: But may thy almighty power never forſake me! O Thou eternal and incomprehenſible Being! fortify my holy reſolu-

tions with thy love, that I may ſurmount every obſtacle; and let that law of our Divine Maſter, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impreſſed upon my heart. *Amen.*

An ANECDOTE

RELATING EDUCATION IN THE DAYS OF ALFRED AND CHARLEMAGNE.

BOTH Alfred and Charlemagne provided maſters for their ſons, as ſoon as ever their tender age would allow it; and had them carefully trained up in the equal diſcipline of arms and hunting, and while theſe were the principal objects of their active life, Charlemagne was never taught to write, nor Alfred to read till he was thirty-eight, and the former continued unable to write as long as he lived.

The FOLLY of FREE-THINKING:

AN ANECDOTE.

THE late Mr. Mallet was a great Freethinker, and a very free ſpeaker of his free thoughts. He made no ſcruple to diſſeminate his opinions whenever

whenever he could introduce them. At his own table, the lady of the houſe (who was a ſtaunch advocate for her huſband's opinions) would often, in the warmth of argument, ſay, 'Sir, we Deiſts.' The lecture upon the non-credence of the Freethinkers was repeated ſo often, and urged with ſo much earneſtneſs, that the inferior domeſtics became ſoon as able diſputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at table, being thoroughly convinced that for any of his miſdeeds he ſhould have no after-account to make, was reſolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. Luckily he was ſo cloſely purſued, that he was brought back with his prey to his maſter's houſe, who examined him before ſome ſelect friends.—At firſt the man was ſullen, and would anſwer no queſtions; but, being urged to give a reaſon for his infamous behaviour, he reſolutely ſaid, "Sir, I had heard you ſo often talk of the impoſſibility of a future ſtate, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, or puniſhment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well; but you raſcal," replied Mallet, "had you no fear of the gallows?" 'Sir,' ſaid the fellow, looking ſternly at his maſter, 'what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greateſt terror; why ſhould I fear the leaſt?

ANECDOTE OF BOYCE.

WHEN Boyce, author of ſome very elegant verſes, was almoſt periſhing with hunger, being relieved by Dr. Johnſon, who gave him a guinea to buy a piece of beef, and procure other neceſſaries, he could not eat it without ketchup, and laid out the laſt half guinea he poſſeſſed in truffles and muſhrooms, eating them in bed too, for want of cloaths, or even a ſhirt to ſit up in.

Singular and laughable Inſtance of IGNORANCE.

DOCTOR Johnſon, whilſt he was a teacher of youth, had two very good claſſick ſcholars, yet, it was thought neceſſary that ſomething more familiar ſhould be known, and he bid them read the Hiſtory of England. After a few months had elapſed, he aſked them, "if they could recollect who firſt deſtroyed the monaſteries in our iſland? One modeſtly replied, that he did not know; the other ſaid, Jeſus Chriſt.

A HYMN to the MORNING.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n! Aurora riſe,
Thy cheering courſe to run,
With luſtre crimſon o'er the ſkies,
And uſher in the ſun.

Thy balmy breath's refreſhing pow'r
Shall ſoon revive the plain;
Awake the ſweets of ev'ry flow'r,
And gladden ev'ry ſtrain..

The virgin, yet untaught to ſigh,
Shall lightly tread the vale;
And raiſe with joy the tearleſs eye,
To bid thy preſence hail.

Come, modeſt maid, with bluſhes ſpeak,
In all thy roſes dreſt;
Diffuſing health to ev'ry cheek,
And peace on ev'ry breaſt.

Come, Morning! come, which heav'n deſign'd
Its choiceſt gifts to bear;
And kindly teach the human mind
To worſhip and revere.

In wonder wrapt let nature ſtand,
To think how much ſhe owes;
And learn to praiſe the gracious hand,
From whence the bleſſing flows.

An ESSAY on LIGHT.

WHEN God had ſpoken into being that illuſtrious globe of light, the Sun, every dark orb in the new-created ſyſtem was ſo illuminated, as to exhibit to its future inhabitants the vaſt variety of entertaining wonders, with which the creation was to be repleniſhed.

Light, indeed, according to the Moſaic account, exiſted antecedent to the creation of the ſun, and the yet imperfect world, without that bright luminary, enjoyed an alternate ſucceſſion of day and night.—God himſelf enlightened it, his ſpirit moved upon the ſurface of the chaotic maſs, and divided the light from the darkneſs.

When theſe divine beams were ſuſpended, the ſame almighty power was pleaſed to ſupply their want by fixing the ſun in the mighty void to give light upon the earth; whereas, if the world had been left in its original ſtate, our very eyes would have

have been but a uſeleſs ornament, and all the beauties about us for ever buried in eternal night.

But in obedience to God's command, the ſolar rays ſtream ſwiftly from their blazing fountain, and, by a regular and conſtant flow, always illuminate one half of the rolling world: their motion is ſo ſwift, and their quantity of matter ſo minute, that when they come within the ſphere, they are out of the force of the earth's attraction; otherwiſe they would actually move about her with a compound motion, and make a perpetual ſunſhine.

Many of theſe rambling effluvia, in their paſſage from the ſun, unavoidably miſs our world, travel on from ſyſtem to ſyſtem, and loſe themſelves in the pathleſs regions of empty ſpace; but here they never ſtream in vain; like ſo many ready obſequious ſervants, they viſit every object, fly to us unaſked, and pleaſantly entertain us every moment with the endearing beauties of the gay creation.

MR. Morlan, firſt phyſician to the Ducheſs of Burgundy, going one day to the Prince's with a ſword, was jocoſe upon his adjuſtment, and ſaid, "Monſeigneur, do not you think I reſemble

ſemble Captain Spezzaferro of the Italian comedy?" "It is impoſſible to reſemble him leſs," anſwered the Prince; "Spezzaferro never killed any body."

ANECDOTE.

WHEN George the Second propoſed giving the command of the expedition againſt Quebec to General Wolfe, great objections were raiſed; and the Duke of N——, in particular, begged his Majeſty to conſider, that the man was actually mad. "If he be mad, ſo much the better," replied the King, "as in that caſe, I hope to God he'll bite ſome of my Generals."

The following melancholy Accident ſhews that a TYGER is not always deterred from approaching FIRE.

A Small veſſel from Ganjam to Calcutta, being longer on her paſſage than was expected, ran out of proviſions and water: Being near the Sugar Iſland, the Europeans, ſix in number, went on ſhore in ſearch of refreſhments, there being ſome

ſome cocoa-nuts on the iſland, in queſt of which they ſtrayed a conſiderable way inland. Night coming on, and the veſſel being at a diſtance, it was thought more ſafe to take up their night's lodging in the ruins of an old pagoda, than to return to the veſſel. A large fire was lighted, and an agreement made, that two of the number ſhould keep watch by turns, to alarm the reſt in caſe of danger, which they had reaſon to apprehend from the wild appearance of the place. It happened to fall to the lot of one Dawſon, late a ſilverſmith and engraver in Calcutta, to be one of the watch. In the night, a tyger darted over the fire, upon this unfortunate young man, and in ſpringing off with him, ſtruck its head againſt the ſide of the pagoda, which made it and its prey rebound upon the fire, on which they rolled one over another once or twice before he was carried off. In the morning, the thigh-bones and legs of the unfortunate victim were found at ſome diſtance, the former ſtript of its fleſh, and the latter ſhockingly mangled.

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERICK THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

KING Frederick William the Firſt ordered our hero once to ſit before the court painter, Huber, in order to have his likeneſs, with the reſt of the family, which were deſigned for a preſent. However unwilling, the Prince was obliged to obey his father's commands. He therefore went to Huber, ſat down, took his flute from his pocket, played a tune, and got up, ſaying, "Tell my father I have been ſitting," and went away. He ſeemed to have a diſlike againſt Huber; for ſome years after his acceſſion to the throne, the converſation turning on painters, Huber's name was mentioned: "I do not know him," ſaid the King; "perhaps he may have painted a gateway after the life."

ANECDOTE OF AN INNKEEPER

IN A VILLAGE NEAR NORFOLK.

A Well-known Miſer, from London, riding through the village, aſked the Innkeeper, who was ſtanding at his door, if he could give him ſome

ſome tea, adding, I ſuppoſe ſince the commutation act, inſtead of paying eight-pence, you can give one plenty of bread, butter, and tea, for ſix-pence. The hoſt took the traveller by the hand, and led him into a room, where all the windows were walled up; "Are you willing," ſaid he, "to pay for the candles?"

The Impiety of murmuring againſt Providence; Inſtability of Human Happineſs; Heart-breaking Diſcovery; Our Duty to ſubmit to Providence; and the good Effects of Induſtry.

THE murmurs of mankind againſt the decrees of Omnipotence, are as unjuſt as they are impious. Reſignation to the will of his Creator is the duty of every human being, who, by preſuming to cenſure the unequal diſtribution of good and evil in this world, diſcover a weak head, or a depraved heart; ſometimes both.

Short-ſighted as we are, how childiſh are our complaints, how abſurd are our repinings! repinings and complaints into which we ſurely ſhould never fall, did we ſeriouſly reflect on the infinite

and amazing viciſſitudes of human affairs, did we conſider that the ſevereſt afflictions, according to our haſty apprehenſions, are often eventually the moſt ſubſtantial bleſſings.

Againſt the decrees of Omnipotence I once murmured myſelf. The unequal diſtribution of good and evil in this world, I once cenſured.—I repined at the ſight of beings in a more proſperous ſituation, and complained of my own hard fate in the bittereſt terms. I am now in another, in a better frame of mind, and ſincerely hope that many of my diſcontented fellow-creatures may be rendered otherwiſe by reading the following narrative, written with the pen of experience.

I was born to the inheritance of a ſmall paternal eſtate, the income ariſing from which would, in this age of luxury and diſſipation, be reckoned a trifling one. Little, however, as it was, I could not hope to ſee it increaſed, as I was not, being an only and a fondled child, with a tender conſtitution, bred up to any buſineſs, though I received a very good education.

Having loſt my father and mother as ſoon as my education was finiſhed, I could not help thinking that what had ſerved us all three, would, undoubtedly,

edly, be ſufficient for *me* alone; eſpecially as I looked upon my orphan ſituation in a deſponding light, and had no deſire to live in an expenſive manner.

So violent was my grief, ſo deep was my affliction, on being deprived of my parents, that I gave myſelf up to deſpair, and accuſed Heaven of cruelty for ſnatching them away from me, inſtead of being thankful for having enjoyed them ſo long. Time, however, and the tenderneſs with which the gentleman whom my father had appointed to be my guardian, treated me, alleviated my ſorrow. My friendſhip too for that Gentleman's ſon, who was remarkably formed to pleaſe, who was as amiable in my eyes, as he was agreeable, and who profeſſed the ſincereſt eſteem for me, not a little contributed to its alleviation.

The happineſs which I enjoyed with my young friend was exceſſive, and I thought that nothing could make any addition to it: but while I was pluming myſelf on my peculiar felicity, and depending upon its continuance, I was extremely diſappointed; for the much eſteemed companion of my heart was obliged to make a voyage to Liſbon, his father's affairs rendering his preſence at that place abſolutely neceſſary.

During

During his abſence, which affected me greatly, I became acquainted with one of the moſt amiable girls in the world; and ſoon fell ſo deſperately in love with her, that I had no reſt night or day, becauſe I had reaſon to believe that her father would think my fortune too ſmall; and that he would expect a more advantageous match for a girl with *her* perſon and accompliſhments. Then, —then I wiſhed, moſt ardently wiſhed, that I had been thrown into a way to improve my patrimony, and to make it more worthy of the acceptance of the only woman with whom I could be happy; without whom, indeed, I ſhould be actually wretched.

I had been fortunate enough, as I thought, to find ſeveral opportunities to make my addreſſes to the lady; but the dread of being rejected by *him*, who had alone a right to diſpoſe of her, kept me for a conſiderable time in a ſtate of the moſt racking uncertainty; and I was weak enough to affront the memory of my once beloved and revered parents, by accuſing them of having been cruelly inattentive to my future welfare.—" Had I been brought up to buſineſs, I might have been enabled, perhaps, to offer myſelf to this adorable creature without fearing a refuſal either from *her* or from her father!"

I was

I was not, indeed, too far advanced in life to ſettle to buſineſs; but love engaged my thoughts ſo much, and forbade me alſo to embark my little all on a precarious bottom, that, inſtead of endeavouring to increaſe my income by induſtry, I abandoned myſelf to deſpair.

Deſpair, at length, drove me to aſk the father of my Maria for his conſent.

I was, as I feared I ſhould be, repulſed with a peremptory denial.

This was a finiſhing ſtroke; I could not ſupport it.—I murmured at Providence for not having given me the exact ſum I wanted, fretted myſelf ill, and was ſoon pronounced to be in danger.

My guardian, and his family, who had ever behaved in the tendereſt manner to me, well knowing the cauſe of my diſorder, informed Maria of my ſituation.

She, who had never been averſe to me, on being acquainted with it, flew to her father, and, with tears in her eyes, intreated him to let her come and ſee me.

Moved

Moved by her ſorrow, he complied with her requeſt; but he was ſo much more affected at her return, by the account ſhe gave of my indiſpoſition, that he conſented to our union.

Our marriage was to be ſolemnized as ſoon as my health was reſtored; and I believed myſelf to be the happieſt of men.

My wife's fortune was but little, if at all ſuperior to mine. Her parents, however, reckoning upon her perſon and accompliſhments, had higher views for her, and had flattered themſelves that ſhe would be raiſed conſiderably by her external attractions co-operating with her intrinſic merit: they were conſequently, at firſt, rather chagrined to ſee their ſchemes defeated; but finding that ſhe was ſatisfied with her lot, and that I continued extravagantly fond of her, they alſo became more contented.

In a ſhort time after our marriage, her grandfather died, and left her only five hundred pounds; but at the ſame time ordered five thouſand more to be paid on the birth of a ſon; and in caſe of our having only girls, to be made over to another branch of the family.

This unkind, this unjuſt procedure, rouzed my reſentment; and I inſulted the memory of the deceaſed old gentleman with the keeneſt invectives. I ought to have been thankful for his having remembered us at all, as he had a large family, who wanted what he had bequeathed to us more than we did.

We were now perpetually wiſhing, and wiſhing with anxiety, to have a boy, to bring ſo good a legacy home to us; but heaven, juſtly offended, no doubt, at our unreaſonable diſquietude, ſent us only a female, who was to me, in particular, very diſguſting, merely as a female; and her mother was ſo much diſpleaſed with her ſex as to deny it nouriſhment from her own breaſt. The poor child, though as fine a one as ever was born, was turned out of the houſe at the tendereſt age, not only to partake of the rude accommodations and homely fare of one of the loweſt cottagers, but to run the riſque of imbibing, with the milk of a ſtranger, all the ill-blood and ill-humours with which that ſtranger might be filled. Thus did we throw away a treaſure, of which we were not capable of eſtimating the value.

My wife, not finding herſelf breeding again, ſoon began to take a fancy to a different ſtile of

living.—She had hitherto been ſatisfied with privacy, and paid a proper regard to domeſtic œconomy, as we were by no means in ſplendid circumſtances; but her diſappointment ariſing from the birth of her daughter, had made a change in her temper; and the ſociety of ſome gay people of her own ſex, with whom ſhe ſtruck up an acquaintance, at firſt, in order to diſſipate her uneaſineſs, inſpired her with too ſtrong a paſſion for pleaſure.—Yet was not my fondneſs in the leaſt abated by her new propenſities. I ſtill doated on her, and indulged her in the gratification of her heart's every wiſh.

Juſt about this time, I received a great deal of pleaſure (pleaſure very little expected) from my friend Theodore's return from Liſbon. His arrival gave me the greateſt delight, as I had flattered myſelf that he would, as a ſincere friend, enjoy, by the force of ſympathy, the happineſs I felt in my lovely Maria's company.

I flew to him, therefore, immediately, and preſented him to my wife with the higheſt encomiums on each other, which, indeed, they both deſerved, and which they both ſoon felt neither proceeded from the extravagance of love, nor the romantic ardour of friendſhip. Few men were more agree-

able

able than Theodore; few women more amiable than Maria.

I now began almoſt to forget my late diſappointment in the arms of my wife, and in the converſation of my friend, between whom I ſpent all my happy hours.—My felicity was, in truth, ſo complete, that I even thought not of the diminution of my fortune. My felicity, however,—(how can we expect permanent felicity *here?*)—was ſoon interrupted.—My wife fell ſick of a fever.—In a few days afterwards ſhe was declared to be haſtening to her diſſolution, and in a few days more expired in my arms.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the agonies which my ſoul indured when I beheld the woman whom I had ever loved to diſtraction ſtretched out before me a lifeleſs corpſe. I behaved like a madman; and in the height of my phrenzy dared, impiouſly dared, to accuſe the Almighty of having given her to me only to make me a thouſand times more miſerable than I ſhould have been, if I had never known her, by an early ſeparation. I ſtamped—I tore my hair—I committed innumerable irregularities. When I grew ſomewhat leſs diſturbed, I ſunk into a ſullenneſs which nothing could remove.

Soon after the death of my wife, my friend Theodore was obliged to ſettle abroad. *His* departure occaſioned new murmurings, new impieties.

There was now but one object left to attract my attention; *that* object was my little girl, againſt whom, from her birth, my boſom was ſteeled.

Maria had now juſt entered into her fourth year; but having been ſhamefully neglected both by her mother and me, had contracted a great many low ways under the tuition of her vulgar nurſe. I went to ſee her,—but oh! ſharp reproach for having ſo long ſtifled parental affection in my boſom,—ſhe ſcreamed at the ſight of me.—I was *indeed* a ſtranger.

Pitying the poor child's ſituation, I took her home: however, as I gave myſelf no trouble about her education, ſhe only exchanged, as ſhe grew up, the coarſe dialect of the nurſe, for the pert language of the chambermaid. Forced by recollection to dwell on the late loſſes I had ſuſtained, certain of never ſeeing my beloved wife again, and doubtful with regard to the re-appearance of my friend, I ſat either ſtupified with ſorrow, or raving with deſpair; unmindful of every thing

thing which ought to have engaged my thoughts; unmindful of my mouldering fortune; unmindful of my injured daughter.

One day the maid came into my room, telling me that Miſs was cutting her double teeth, and was very ill, adding, that ſhe wiſhed I would give her an anodyne necklace, which ſhe knew her miſtreſs had in her cabinet.

On being thus unneceſſarily, I thought, reminded of my wife, I was thrown into a violent rage, and in the firſt tranſports of my paſſion, ſeverely reprimanded the maid for her officiouſneſs; but paſſing ſoon afterwards through a room in which the young Maria lay on her lap in extreme pain, I was ſtruck with the reſemblance between her and her late lovely mother, a little while before ſhe expired.

A ſigh, which I could not ſuppreſs, heaved my boſom; and as I hung over the poor innocent, the tears of paternal ſenſibility ruſhed from my eyes, and rolled down her pallid face. I then haſtened to the cabinet, to ſearch for the necklace, or any thing elſe that might probably relieve her.

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In turning over ſeveral papers, which were intermixed with my dear Maria's trinkets, I recognized the hand of Theodore.

Aſtoniſhed beyond expreſſion at ſo unexpected a ſight, I opened the letter with precipitation, and read it with horror.—I was ſtabbed with the perusal of it.—Every word planted a dagger in my heart.—It was—oh, heaven! I ſtill tremble at the recollection of it—a letter from Theodore, the man whom I believed to be my firmeſt, ſincereſt friend, to Maria, my wife, who doated on *me*, I alſo believed, as fondly as I did on *her*. After having thanked her for the very great tenderneſs which ſhe had diſcovered for him, he thus proceeded:—"You need not be in the leaſt afraid of your huſband's ſuſpicions, for I do not know upon the face of the earth a man who has a ſtronger confidence in any perſon than he has both in you and me; nor is there a man in the world, in my opinion, more eaſily to be duped."

This heart-breaking diſcovery made me quite furious.—I now exclaimed againſt Providence in the moſt daring and irreverent terms, for having ſuffered me to be ſo deceived and deſpiſed; ſo groſsly impoſed upon, and injuriouſly treated.—I declared, with much vehemence, that no human being

being had ever been ſo cruelly uſed, and ſwore in tremendous accents that no man ſhould ſo uſe me with impunity.

Could I have reached Theodore in thoſe moments of madneſs, when I ſmarted with reſentment, and breathed nothing but revenge, I ſhould have certainly murdered him; but luckily he was at a diſtance, and I had leiſure to grow cool.—My rage, indeed, gradually ſubſided; but the miſery I felt by reflecting on the undeſerved treatment which I had received from two perſons the deareſt to me in the world, threw me into a violent fever.

From that fever, I, with great difficulty, recovered, and ſunk into a dejection which almoſt rendered me incapable of doing any thing. I neglected my affairs—life became burthenſome to me—all the efforts of my acquaintance to raiſe my ſpirits, and to put me in humour with exiſtence, were ineffectual. I at laſt grew ſo diſguſted with ſociety, that I only admitted the viſits of an old gentleman, who was a man of exceeding good ſenſe, and irreproachable morals. By *his* frequent viſits, I found myſelf by degrees leſs and leſs embarraſſed in his company; and at length grew ſo unguarded, that I made a diſcovery of the true

cauſe

cauſe of my melancholy, which I had till then concealed from every living creature.

No ſooner was he acquainted with the ſource of my ſorrow, than he told me that I was, in his opinion, very deſervedly puniſhed. "Learn henceforward," ſaid he, "to ſubmit without the leaſt murmuring to the will of the Supreme; for you may be aſſured, that every thing in this world is ordered by unerring wiſdom; and that we poor imperfect beings know not what is beſt for us.—You thought yourſelf the moſt miſerable of men when you loſt your wife; but had ſhe lived, what torments would you have endured! You would have ſeen her prefer your friend to yourſelf: you would have known that ſhe had been guilty of a very atrocious crime, and the continued ſight of her would have doubled your concern, as well as your averſion.—Had you been divorced, or only ſeparated from her, the talk occaſioned by it, and the apprehenſions with regard to your meeting ſomewhere, might have produced the moſt painful ſenſations in your breaſt. Beſides, with what propriety could your daughter have been educated under the eye of a mother who had violated her conjugal vows; and how ſeverely muſt ſhe have been ſhocked at the idea of being the daughter of a woman, whom ſhe could not, without being

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ſcandalized at her conduct, acknowledge as a parent. You ought, therefore, fervently to offer up praiſes to heaven for having delivered you from ſo much unhappineſs by the death of your wife; and not with leſs fervency ought you to pour out your thankſgivings for the abſence of your friend. Had your friend been within your reach at the time you diſcovered his treachery, you would have, it is highly probable, challenged him in the heat of your reſentment. You might, by ſo doing, either have been anſwerable for his death as a murderer, or have been ſent yourſelf, unprepared, and loaded with guilt, into the awful preſence of Him, who has expreſsly prohibited revenge in theſe emphatical words; *Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it.* Look up, therefore, with devotion, and with gratitude, to *that* Being, who is as *merciful* as he is *almighty*; think, ſeriouſly think, how unworthy you have been of his interpoſition in your favour; and may you be always ready to ſay, for the future, on the moſt trying occaſions, *Thy will be done*, without feeling your heart at variance with your lips.

I was ſtruck with the good ſenſe and piety uttered by my valuable neighbour, who had taken the moſt efficacious meaſures to reſtore the tranquillity of my mind, by ſetting things before me

in a proper light, and by endeavouring to make me ſenſible that, under the preſſure of any misfortunes whatever, a thorough ſubmiſſion to the diſpenſations of Providence is as much our *intereſt* as it is our *duty*.

I now began to reproach myſelf ſeverely, for having behaved in ſo unbecoming, ſo unjuſtifiable a manner; and tried to atone for my paſt ill conduct, by making myſelf as well ſatisfied as the ſituation of my affairs, which had been conſiderably injured by the extravagance of my wife, in conſequence of her immoderate love of pleaſure, would ſuffer me to be. Yet ſtill I could not bring myſelf to behold my little daughter with the eyes of an affectionate parent. I repined continually becauſe my child was not a ſon, as I ſhould have had, during the minority of a ſon, the management of five thouſand pounds, which would have been of the greateſt ſervice to me. Setting aſide her having been eſtranged from me for ſo long a time, Maria had none of thoſe winning, fond yearnings after me, which children generally have who are trained up under the inſpection of their fathers and mothers. Of this want of filial ſenſibility in my daughter, I complained, in the bittereſt terms, to my good old neighbour, who told me that I had brought upon myſelf the diſquietude

which

which tormented me. "At the very time," continued he, "that the tender affections take root, you caſt your daughter from you as if ſhe had been an alien: from *your* unfatherly behaviour, therefore, to *her* during her infancy, ariſes *her* inattention to *you*. Folly is its own puniſhment. —However, it is not yet too late to make her ſenſible, by a proper carriage, that you are her beſt friend; and poſſibly this deſpiſed girl may turn out every thing you can wiſh her to be."

I liſtened a ſecond time to the voice of reaſon. I began to apply myſelf to the education of my child. I hired, in the firſt place, an elderly woman recommended by my friend, who had been bred a gentlewoman, but having met with misfortunes, was glad, with a moderate allowance, to undertake the care of my family, and to teach my girl all kinds of needle-work: in reading, writing, accompts, geography, French, and muſic, *I* was her only inſtructor; and by accompanying my inſtructions with many rewards and few puniſhments, I at length carried my point ſo far, as to make her love the *father*, while ſhe revered the *maſter*. I had, at the ſame time, the ſatisfaction to ſee that ſhe improved every day in her perſon and manners, and became a very fine girl.

When ſhe was about eleven years old, my excellent friend and neighbour—(to whom I was indebted for all the pleaſure I at laſt received as a parent, and to whom my daughter was alſo indebted both for her father and her education; as I ſhould not, probably. have behaved to her in a paternal way, or have taken any pains to render her an accompliſhed woman, if I had not been acquainted with *him*)—was ſuddenly taken ill, and died in a few days.

The firſt news of his death was a blow which almoſt ſtunned me.—So deeply was I affected by it, that I gave myſelf up again to murmuring and deſpondence.

While I was throwing out ſome very melancholy effuſions, dictated by deſpair, I was informed that he had left my daughter, in his will, having few relations of his own, and none who were not richer than himſelf, ten thouſand pounds; five of which I was at liberty to improve by any ſort of buſineſs or traffic, the moſt agreeable to me, till my daughter was ſix and twenty; with the other five ſhe was to be inveſted on her being of age. I was, however, only to enjoy the uſe of my five thouſand during the ſtipulated term of years, on condition that I tied up a part of my

eſtate

eſtate which would produce an equivalent ſum at the expiration of them, in caſe I ſhould be guilty of any embezzlements, or be diſabled, by unforeſeen contingencies, from making a reſtitution.

This was a noble legacy, as unmerited as it was unexpected; but it adminiſtered no kind of conſolation to me for the loſs of the worthy teſtator. The generoſity of my excellent friend I remembered every hour with the ſincereſt gratitude, and his ſeparation from me with the ſincereſt regret. However, as I paid too great a regard to the memory of him whom I had ſo juſtly and ſo highly eſteemed when living, to neglect the improvement of the ſum for which I was made reſponſible. I offered myſelf to a ſober, careful man, who had been his book-keeper, to go into partnerſhip with him, provided he would thoroughly inſtruct me in his buſineſs; and he cheerfully complied with my propoſals, as the ſtock advanced by me would be of conſiderable advantage to him.

In this manner I obeyed my dear deceaſed friend's injunctions, and made an honeſt old ſervant of his happy. By ſtrictly attending to the duties of my new employment, I not only kept my mind from dwelling on any diſagreeable ſubjects; but in a few years trebled the five thouſand com-

committed to my ſtewardſhip. When my daughter came of age, I made over ten thouſand to her, and married her to a very amiable and deſerving young man, for whom ſhe had a great affection. With the remaining ſum, added to my little patrimony, I reſolved to ſpend the reſt of my days in doing all the good in my power, as my daughter and her huſband were in too affluent circumſtances to wiſh for my deceaſe. In acts of beneficence, therefore, I have ſpent my time from that happy æra, in ſupplicating the Almighty's pardon for my paſt offences, and in pouring forth praiſes to him for all the bleſſings which he has ſhowered on my undeſerving head. Never am I ſo happy, never do I feel ſuch tranſporting ſenſations, as when I am offering up my fervent thankſgivings to the throne of grace.—More and more am I every hour convinced, that the *goodneſs* of the Deity is equal to his *power*; that we ought ever to pay the moſt implicit ſubmiſſion to his decrees; and that whatever he permits to be, is permitted for the wiſeſt ends.

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OF

A REMARKABLE LEARNED AND UNFORTUNATE SOLDIER.

IN the year 1724, Francis Brightwell, and Benjamin Brightwell, his brother, were tried at the Old Bailey, for robbing John Pargiter on the highway, in the road to Hampſtead. The proſecutor ſwore very poſitively againſt them both; but after evidence had been given againſt them, Francis Brightwell, who was a grenadier, proved, by ſeveral witneſſes, that he was upon the King's guard, at Kenſington, at the time the robbery was committed. Hereupon the Court went into an enquiry concerning the reputation and character of the priſoner. And ſeveral colonels, majors, captains, and other military officers, appeared in favour of Francis Brightwell, and alledged, that they had known him long in the ſervice, and gave teſtimony as to his ſobriety and diligence in the diſcharge of the duty of a ſoldier. And as to his honeſty, a lady, who was preſent in court, declared, that ſhe had entruſted him with a thouſand pounds at a time; and a gentleman declared, that he had committed his houſe and goods, to the value of ſix thouſand, to his keeping; in both

which

which truſts Brightwell had acquitted himſelf to the ſatisfaction of the parties concerned. Theſe ample teſtimonies concurring to the honour of a man in ſo low a condition of life, greatly ſurprized the court, and all who were preſent: but their aſtoniſhment was increaſed, when Mr. Hughes, a clergyman, appeared alſo in the ſoldier's favour, and made the following declaration. "I have known Francis Brightwell, (ſaid he) near twenty years. He has always been reputed to be a perſon of the faireſt character for ſobriety, probity, and juſtice. He has often conſulted me concerning difficult paſſages in Virgil and Homer: for he is to an extraordinary degree accompliſhed with Latin and Greek literature, and has good ſkill in Roman antiquities; and, in a word, he carries ſo large a ſhare of exquiſite learning under his grenadier's cap, that I believe there is not ſuch another grenadier in the univerſe."

Mr. Hughes's teſtimony was corroborated by that of ſeveral others; and, upon the whole, the jury acquitted both Francis Brightwell and his brother. And it afterwards appeared, that the robbery with which they had been unjuſtly charged, was actually committed by Joſeph Blake, and the famous Jack Shepherd. However, this unfortunate accuſation proved fatal to Francis Brightwell,

who

who died ſhortly after, of a diſorder that he contracted in goal, though he was attended by Sir Hans Sloane, then one of his Majeſty's phyſicians.

The following particulars are alſo related concerning this remarkable grenadier. He was contented in his ſtation, ſtudious at leiſure, and ambitious only of knowledge. He had offers of being promoted to the rank of corporal, or of ſerjeant, which he declined, that he might have as few avocations as poſſible from his ſtudies.—Neither did he covet money; and 'tis ſuppoſed, that had he been at the ſacking of a town, he would not have thought of carrying off any other plunder but a valuable book or two. The following inſtance is given of his diſregard of gain. He had an excellent manner of cleaning and furbiſhing arms, for which he had his ſettled prices.—An officer, whoſe arms he had brightened, was ſo well pleaſed with his work, that he ſent Brightwell (over and above the uſual price) a guinea for a preſent. The philoſophic ſoldier took his price, and returned the guinea by the ſervant. Some time after, when the officer ſaw him, "Why," ſaid he to Brightwell, "would you not accept of the guinea I ſent you?" "I am paid for my work," replied the centinel, "and deſire no more." "Accept of a crown then," ſaid the officer, "if

your modeſty makes you think a guinea too much." "Excuſe me, Sir," anſwered the veteran, "and do not think it vanity or affectation, when I refuſe your kindneſs; but, indeed, Sir, I don't want: but I am thirſty, and have no money about me; ſo that if your honour will be pleaſed to give me threepence to drink your health, I ſhall thankfully accept of it."

SICKNESS not always a MISFORTUNE:

ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF OZIBAH.

An Eaſtern Tale.

OZIBAH, Caliph of Perſia, reigned in all the magnificence, unmanly eaſe, and effeminate delights, ſo conſpicuous in the palaces of the Monarchs of the Eaſt. Buried beneath the impenetrable veil of pleaſure, neither the groans of his ſubjects, oppreſſed by wicked magiſtrates; the cries of the orphans, whom the ſavage banditti of the mountains had wantonly deprived of their parents; nor the melting tears of the widows ſtripped and expoſed to the miſeries of deſpair, could find admittance. But though the moſt complicated ſcenes of human miſery were diſregarded, yet the tremendous hand of Providence no ſooner viſibly

viſibly appeared, than the Monarch trembled on his throne; theſe deluſive ſcenes of pleaſure, which had ſo long bewitched him, he beheld with horror and deteſtation, and thoſe objects which he had hitherto beheld with contempt, now appeared only worthy of his attention.

Sickneſs ſeized this voluptuous Caliph, and the angel of death ſtared him tremendouſly in the face. Where could he flee for ſuccour, or to whom could he petition with any hopes of ſucceſs?—Virtue he had deſpiſed, neglected juſtice, and laughed at the precepts of religion. To the latter, however, he had recourſe, and diſpatched a meſſenger to the venerable Abdallah, who was a conſtant votary at the holy ſhrine in the temple at Mecca.

His arrival being notified to the Caliph, he ordered him to be brought into his preſence: No ſooner did this venerable man enter the chamber of Ozibah, than he cried out, "Glory eternal to the King, whoſe dominions are ſafe from decay, and whoſe kingdom is everlaſting. The extent of the heavens, and the boundaries of the earth, are but minute parts of his creation; and infinite ſpace but a ſmall point of his productions. He has regulated the order of the univerſe, and the

government of the ſons of Adam, by the underſtanding of kings who exerciſe juſtice. By his decrees the ties of love, and the bonds of affection, are faſtened; and he has implanted, in the various beings and creatures of his workmanſhip, the paſſion of inclination and union, with a mutual tendency to ſociety; and praiſes without end are due to the ſouls of the prophets, who walked in the paths of righteouſneſs, and directed the way to obtain everlaſting felicity. But thou, O mighty Monarch of the Eaſt, haſt choſen the paths of pleaſure inſtead of virtue, and obeyed the irregular ſallies of thine appetite, in oppoſition to the precepts of religion. For this the arrow of diſeaſe was ſhot from the bow of Omnipotence, to ſhew unthinking mortals how inſignificant is all their boaſted ſtrength, when oppoſed by the arm of that Being who inhabiteth eternity.

"But he always thinks of mercy, even in the midſt of juſtice; nor ever ſtrikes, but wiſhes at the ſame time the converſion of the offender.

"The other night returning to my cell, from trimming the midnight lamps in the holy temple at Mecca, I beheld the brilliant concave of the ſkies was veiled from the ſight of mortals, by black and impenetrable clouds. The thunders grumbled in the

the diſtant ſkies, and ſeemed to foretell the horror of a future tempeſt. Scarce had I entered the door of mine habitation, than the thunder became far more loud and dreadful; ſo that the rocks ſeemed to move, and the very foundations of the world ſhake. The ſheets of lightning extended themſelves from one ſide of the heavens to the other; and the torrents of water that poured down from the adjacent mountains ſeemed to threaten the earth with a ſecond deluge. Surely, cried I, the avenging hand of Providence is now executing its juſtice on a ſinful land, or the diſſolution of all things is approaching.

" As I pronounced theſe words, I looked up, and ſaw a young man ſitting near me clothed in a long robe, whoſe whiteneſs equalled that of the ſnow on the mountains of Candahar. I ſtood trembling before him, but he ſaid to me, ' Fear not, Abdallah, I am one of thoſe benevolent beings that watch over the children of the duſt, and direct their ſteps in the paths of virtue.— Thou art terrified at the preſent tempeſt, and canſt look upon it only as the effect of the wrath of an offended Deity: whereas, wert thou acquainted with the true nature of things, thou wouldſt be convinced, that it is entirely owing to his goodneſs and mercy. Thunder and ſtorms are as much the

the works of the Father of the univerſe, as the fruits and flowers that enrich and adorn the earth, and he is obeyed and honoured by ſtorms and tempeſts, as well as by the gentle and fragrant breath of the morning. The ſun, which by his genial warmth cheers and animates the whole creation, leads us to the worſhip of Him who is the author of life and happineſs: the light, which embelliſhes and adorns every part of the univerſe, is a lively repreſentation of him who is the very eſſence of beauty and comelineſs; the rivers, the foreſts, the verdure, and fruits of the earth, all declare his goodneſs, and are ſo many inſtances of his bounty towards the children of men. But the voice of his thunder is appointed to awaken thoſe who either abuſe or diſregard his bleſſings, and to bring them to a ſenſe of their duty and dependance on him. But ſtorms are not only deſigned as a leſſon of inſtruction; for they alſo of themſelves produce very happy effects, by purging and cleanſing the air of any impurities, or unwholeſome vapours, that too long a ſtagnation might occaſion; by deſtroying thoſe ſwarms of inſects, which, though uſeful in ſome reſpects, yet would prove prejudicial to mankind. Thus are theſe objects of terror only inſtruments in the hands of Omnipotence, whereby he produces the

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moſt ſalutary effects.' Saying this, he roſe up, and left me to reflect on what he had delivered.

" And now, O mighty Ruler of this extenſive Empire, let me intreat you to look upon this affliction, as intended by the beneficent Father of Nature, as an earneſt of his good-will; and as I was taught to look upon ſtorms and tempeſts, only as inſtruments in his hands, tending to promote the happineſs of his creatures; ſo ſhould we conſider ſickneſs as an inſtrument of the ſame kind, tending to make us acquainted with our own condition, the uncertainty of all earthly happineſs, and cauſe us to fix our deſires on that true felicity, which lies beyond the grave, and whoſe limits are thoſe of eternity itſelf."

This ſpeech greatly pleaſed Ozibah, who, turning himſelf towards Abdallah, anſwered, " O Abdallah, a few days ago, I thought myſelf great and happy; I was freſh as the vernal roſe, and ſtrong as the cedar of the mountain; but now my ſtrength is waſted and dried up, and joy and pleaſure vaniſhed from my ſight. I rely wholly on Omnipotence; and, ſhould he extend his arm, and raiſe me from the pit of deſtruction, I will conſtantly endeavour to tread the paths of virtue, and to obey the precepts of religion. The orphan

ſhall

ſhall find in me a father, the oppreſſed a deliverer, and the ſtranger a friend and protector. Return, Abdallah, to thy place, and when thou poureſt out thy prayers in the holy temple of Mecca, remember Ozibah, thy king and friend."

Abdallah accordingly returned to his habitation, and ſoon after the King recovered from his ſickneſs. His firſt care was to remove thoſe magiſtrates who oppreſſed the people, placing in their ſtead men of integrity and virtue. He alſo regulated every thing which he found amiſs in the government: nor would he permit any to approach him, unleſs they were lovers of virtue. By perſevering in thoſe noble actions, his kingdom ſoon became rich and powerful, and all his ſubjects happy.

An ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

DURING the King's journey to Sileſia, he often ſlept at a Clergyman's houſe, without ever ſeeing his landlord. Being once in good humour, he ſent for the miniſter to talk with him. "How do you do, Doctor?" 'Very bad; pleaſe your

your Majeſty.' "Well, well, things will be better in the other world." 'Perhaps they may be worſe there.' "How am I to underſtand this?" 'I will explain myſelf; if your Majeſty has time and patience to hear me.' "Pray do; it is my wiſh you ſhould." 'I have, Sire, two daughters, three ſons, and only a ſmall pariſh. Perceiving ſome genius in the boys, I ſpared no expence in their education, but ſent them to a good ſchool, and afterwards to the univerſity; by which means I have incurred ſome debts. My children are become very good ſcholars, yet, being unprovided for, they are of courſe unable to make me amends for my expences. The pariſh revenues are rather decreaſed than augmented;—all my future proſpects are darkened—the hope of ſettling my affairs is vaniſhed—I am grown old with grief, and if death ſhould ſeize me, without my obſerving the *ſuum cuique*, and paying my creditors, how dare I hope for a good reception in the other world? And'—

"Yes, yes, it is certainly a bad affair—'tis plain I ſhall be obliged to ſtep in as mediator.—What may be the amount of your debts?" 'About 800 dollars.' "If you can prove your ſons have learned ſomething, and are fit for my ſervice, they ſhall be provided for. I will ſettle with your

creditors, and your ſalary ſhall be increaſed, ſince you have educated your children for the good of the country. But where are your daughters?" 'I always ſend them to town when your Majeſty comes here with your ſuite.' "That is prudent; let me ſee them to-morrow."

The next day his Majeſty was told that two amiable young ladies were in the antichamber, and would not be refuſed admittance, inſiſting they had been ſent for. "Oh!" ſaid the King, "they are ſurely the parſon's daughters; go and fetch me a milliner, and introduce the ladies."—The King found them not only handſome and lively, but of fine underſtandings; he converſed with them ſome time—bought them ſeveral expenſive things—and preſented them with money beſides. The miniſter's ſons, who produced very good teſtimonials, were provided for; the daughters ſoon obtained huſbands;—and the King boaſted of having made a parſon happy in both worlds.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

OUR hero was a great friend to, and very fond of children. The young Princes Von——, had always free acceſs to him. One day writing in his cabinet, where the eldeſt of them was playing with a ball, it happened to fall on the table; the King threw it on the floor, and wrote on: preſently after, the ball fell again on the table; he threw it away once more, and caſt a ſerious look on the child, who promiſed to be more careful, and continued his play. At laſt the ball unfortunately fell on the very paper on which the King was writing; who, being a little out of humour, put the ball in his pocket. The little Prince humbly begged pardon, and intreated to have his ball again, which was refuſed. He continued ſome time praying in a very piteous manner, but all in vain. At laſt, grown tired of aſking, he placed himſelf before his Majeſty, put his little hand to his ſide, and ſaid, with a menacing look and tone, "Do you chuſe, Sire, to reſtore the ball or not?" The King ſmiled, took the ball from his pocket, and gave it the Prince, with theſe words: "Thou art a brave fellow; Sileſia will never be retaken whilſt thou art alive."

THE POOR PILGRIM.

STOP, paſſenger, whoe'er thou art,
Compaſſion in thy breaſt may glow;
And if thou canſt not alms impart,
From pity ſome relief may flow.

If wayward fortune thou haſt prov'd,
Liſt to my tale, and feel for me:
And if thou e'er haſt fondly lov'd,
Let love my vindication be.

An outcaſt from an affluent home,
Where peace her downy wings diſplay'd,
Mournful and pennyleſs I roam—
My all within this baſket laid.

Forſaken by the man I lov'd,
The man I fooliſhly believ'd,
I wail my fate, while he, unmov'd,
Forgets the wretch whom he deceiv'd.

Diſcarded by parental ſcorn,
Betray'd by him whom I adore,
A pilgrim, weary and forlorn,
Relief from ſtrangers I implore.

If you, to whom I lowly kneel,
Can pity to the frail extend;
If you, for thoſe who e'er can feel,
When ſpurn'd by ev'ry former friend;

Aſſiſt a pilgrim on her way,
Whoſe ſtock of bread is ſtale and low:
Cold blows the wind—no cheering ray
Warms my faint heart, or melts the ſnow.

Nor long will this unhappy form,
Nor long this breaking heart, offend:
I ſink beneath affliction's ſtorm,
And ſoon my ſhame and grief will end.

For ſharper than the Northern blaſt,
Are the repentant pangs I prove;
Hard is my fate, to mourn and faſt;
But harder ſtill—to die of love.

VIRTUE

IS the univerſal charm:—Even its ſhadow is courted, when the ſubſtance is wanting. It muſt be formed and ſupported, not by unfrequent acts, but by daily and repeated exertions, in order to its becoming vigorous and uſeful. Great events give

give ſcope for great virtues; but the main tenor of human life is compoſed of ſmall occurrences. Within the round of theſe, lie the materials of the happineſs of moſt men; the ſubjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue.

Whatever is to be our profeſſion, no education is more neceſſary to ſucceſs, than the acquirements of virtuous diſpoſitions and habits. This is the univerſal preparation for every character, and every ſtation in life. Bad as the world is, reſpect is always paid to virtue. In the uſual courſe of human affairs, it will be found, that a plain underſtanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to proſperity, than the brighteſt parts, without probity and honour.

Whether ſcience, or buſineſs, or public life be our aim, virtue ſtill enters for a principal ſhare into all thoſe great departments of ſociety.

It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and uſeful buſineſs; with diſtinction, in every public ſtation. The vigour which it gives to the mind, and the weight which it adds to the character; the generous ſentiment which it breathes; the undaunted ſpirit which it inſpires; the ardour of diligence

diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and diſhonourable avocations, are the foundation of all that is high in fame, or great in ſucceſs among men.

Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments we poſſeſs, virtue is a neceſſary requiſite in order to their ſhining with proper luſtre. By whatever arts we may at firſt attract the attention, we can hold the eſteem, and ſecure the hearts of others, only by amiable diſpoſitions, and the accompliſhments of the mind. Theſe are the qualities whoſe influence will laſt, when the luſtre of all that once ſparkled and dazzled has paſſed away.

YOUTH.

YOUTH is the ſeaſon of warm and generous emotions;—the heart ſhould then ſpontaneouſly riſe into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the diſcovery of tenderneſs and goodneſs. In this ſeaſon we ſhould endeavour, upon rational and ſober enquiry, to have our principles eſtabliſhed, nor ſuffer them to be ſhaken by the ſcoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the ſceptical. No wantonneſs of uſeful ſpirits, no compliance

compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ſhould ever betray us into profane ſallies.

It ſhould not be barren of improvements ſo eſſential to future felicity and honour.

This is the ſeed-time of life. The character is now, under divine aſſiſtance, of our forming; our fate is, in ſome meaſure, put into our own hands. Nature is as yet pliant and ſoft;—habits have not eſtabliſhed their dominion; prejudices have not pre-occupied our underſtanding; the world has not had time to contract and debaſe our affections. All our powers are more vigorous, diſembarraſſed and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulſe we now give to our deſires and paſſions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which our life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlaſting iſſue.

Virtuous youth gradually bring forward accompliſhed and flouriſhing manhood; and ſuch manhood paſſes of itſelf, without uneaſineſs, into reſpectable and tranquil old age, But if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miſerable. If the beginning of life has been vanity, its latter end can be no other than vexation of ſpirit.

CASTLE-

CASTLE BUILDING.

AN ELEGY.

GODDESS of golden dreams, whoſe magic power
Sheds ſmiles of joy o'er mis'ry's haggard face,
And laviſh ſtrews the viſionary flower
To deck life's dreary paths with tranſient grace;

I woo thee, Fancy, from thy fairy cell,
Where 'midſt the endleſs woes of human kind,
Wrapt in ideal bliſs, thou lov'ſt to dwell,
And ſport in happier regions unconfin'd.

Deep ſunk, O goddeſs! in thy pleaſing trance,
Oft let me ſeek ſome low ſequeſter'd vale,
While Wiſdom's ſelf ſhall ſteal a ſide-long glance,
And ſmile contempt—but liſten to thy tale.

Alas! how little do her vot'ries gueſs,
Thoſe rigid truths that learned fools revere
Serve but to prove (O bane to happineſs!)
Our joys deluſive, but our woes ſincere.

Be theirs to ſearch where cluſt'ring roſes grow;
Touching each ſharp thorn's point to prove how keen,
Be mine to taſte their beauties as they blow,
And catch their fragrance as they bluſh unſeen.

Haply my path may lie through barren vales,
Where niggard fortune all her ſweets denies;
Ev'n there ſhall Fancy ſcent the ambient gales,
And ſcatter flow'rets of a thouſand dyes.

Nor let the worldling ſcoff: be his the taſk
To form deep ſchemes, and mourn his hopes betray'd;
Be mine to range unſeen,—'tis all I aſk,
And frame new worlds beneath the ſilent ſhade:

To look beyond the views of wealth and pride,
Bidding the mind's eye range without controul,
Through wild extatic day-dreams, far and wide,
To bring returns of comfort to the ſoul:

To bid groves, hills, and lucid ſtreams appear,
The gilded ſpire, arch'd dome, and fretted vault;
And ſweet ſociety be ever near;
Love, ever young, and friends without a fault.

I ſee entranc'd the gay conceptions riſe,
My harveſt ripen, and my white flocks thrive;
And ſtill as Fancy pours her large ſupplies,
I taſte the Godlike happineſs to give.

To check the patient widow's deep-fetch'd ſighs,
To ſhield her infant from the north blaſt rude;
To bid the ſweetly gliſt'ning tear ariſe,
Which ſwims in the glad eye of gratitude:

To join the artleſs maid and honeſt ſwain,
Where fortune rudely bars the way to joy;
To eaſe the tender mother's anxious pain,
And guard with foſt'ring hand her darling boy:

To raiſe up modeſt merit from the ground,
And ſend th' unhappy ſmiling from my door,
To ſpread content and cheerfulneſs around,
And banquet on the bleſſings of the poor:

Delicious dream!—How oft beneath thy pow'r,
Thus light'ning the ſad load of others' woe,
I ſteal from rigid fate one happy hour,
Nor feel I want the pity I beſtow.

Delicious dream!—How often doſt thou give
A gleam of bliſs, which truth would but deſtroy;
Oft doſt thou bid my drooping heart revive,
And catch one cheerful glimpſe of tranſient joy.

And O! how precious is that timely friend,
Who checks affliction in her dread career!
Who knows diſtreſs, well knows that he may lend
One hour of life, who ſtops one riſing tear.

O! but for thee, long ſince the hand of care
Had mark'd with livid pale my furrow'd cheek,
Long ſince the ſhiv'ring graſp of cold deſpair
Had chill'd my heart, and taught it how to break.

For ah! affliction ſteals with trackleſs flight,
Silent the ſtroke ſhe gives, but not leſs keen;
And bleak misfortune, like an eaſtern blight,
Sheds black deſtruction, though it flies unſeen.

O! come then Fancy, and with lenient hand
Dry my moiſt cheek, and ſmooth my furrow'd brow;
Bear me o'er ſmiling tracks of fairy land,
And give me more than fortune can beſtow.

Mix'd are her boons, and checquer'd all with ill,
Her ſmiles, the ſunſhine of an April morn;
The cheerleſs valley ſkirts the gilded hill,
And latent ſtorms in ev'ry breeze are borne.

Give me thy hope, which ſickens not the heart;
Give me thy wealth, which has no wings to fly;
Give me the pride thy honours can impart;
Thy friendſhip give me, warm in poverty.

Give me a wiſh the worldling may deride,
The wiſe may cenſure, and the proud may hate;
Wrapt in thy dreams, to lay the world aſide,
And ſnatch a bliſs beyond the reach of fate.

ON THE DEATH OF

Miſs HENRIETTA HOLLIS LENNOX,

Daughter of the celebrated Mrs. C. LENNOX.

SO blooms the roſe, when vernal gales,
Their ſoft enlivening influence ſhed:
So when a noxious blaſt prevails,
It droops, and all its beauties fade.

Ah! ſhort-liv'd flower, ah! hapleſs fair!
Alike your charms, alike their date!
Flow, flow, my tears, on Harriet's bier,
Sweet victim of an early fate!

Say, ſhall th' impaſſion'd boſom grieve
At angry heav'n's too partial doom,
That blaſted all our hopes, and gave
Thy ſpring of beauty to the tomb.

Or ſhall we, with faith's ſteady eye,
View thee thy kindred angels join;
An inmate of thy native ſky,
Whilſt heav'n's eternal year is thine.

An ANECDOTE.

DOCTOR SOUTH was a moſt admired preacher, and his ſermons have in them whatever wit or knowledge could put together.—As an inſtance of the natural turn of wit to which this gentleman was ſubject, the following anecdote is related of him:—Some time before his death he reſided at Caverſham in Oxfordſhire, and having occaſion to come to London on particular affairs, he took the opportunity of paying a morning viſit to his old friend Dr. Waterland. The Doctor being rejoiced to ſee him, preſſed him to ſtay to dinner, which he at length conſented to do; but the Doctor's Lady, who was a remarkable œcono-miſt, diſapproved of this, and calling her huſband into an adjoining room, began to expoſtulate with him on the abſurdity of aſking the gentleman to dine, when he knew ſhe was utterly unprovided. The Doctor endeavoured to pacify her, by ſaying, it was his fellow-collegian, and he could not do leſs than aſk him to dine: he therefore begged ſhe would compoſe herſelf, and haſten to provide ſomething elegant, for there was not a man in the world he reſpected more than the friend that was now come to ſee him. This, inſtead of mending the matter, made it worſe: the Lady ſaid, ſhe had already

already got a leg of mutton, and if he would be ſo ſilly to invite his friends upon ſuch occaſions, they ſhould take what ſhe had to give them; for ſhe would not put herſelf out of the way for any of them. The Doctor was now provoked beyond all patience, and proteſted, that if it were not for the ſtranger that was in the houſe, he would threſh her. Dr. South, who had heard the whole dialogue, and was not a little diverted, inſtantly ſtopped the diſpute, by ſaying, with his uſual humour, in a voice loud enough to be heard, "Dear Doctor, as we have been friends ſo long, I beſeech you not to make a ſtranger of me upon any occaſion." The Lady, aſhamed of the diſcovery, retired, and appeared no more that day, but ordered a handſome dinner to be ſerved up, and left the two Doctors to enjoy themſelves peaceably to their mutual ſatisfaction.

An ANECDOTE.

ABOUT half a century ago, when it was more the faſhion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at preſent, a humorous fellow of punning memory eſtabliſhed an ale-houſe near the pound, and wrote over his door, 'Ale ſold by the Pound.'—As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians reſorted

reſorted to his houſe in great numbers, and ſometimes ſtaid there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice-Chancellor, who was deſired to take away his licence, by one of the Proctors of the Univerſity. Boniface was ſummoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice-Chancellor's preſence, he began hawking and ſpitting about the room; this the Chancellor obſerved, and aſked what he meant by it? "Pleaſe your worſhip," ſaid he, "I am come here on purpoſe to clear myſelf."

The Vice-Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and ſold it in that manner; he therefore ſaid to him, "They tell me you ſell ale by the pound; is that true?" 'No, and pleaſe your worſhip,' replied the wit. "How do you then?" ſaid the Chancellor. 'Very well, I thank you, Sir,' replied the wit, 'how do you do?' The Chancellor laughed, and ſaid, "Get away for a raſcal; I'll ſay no more to you." The fellow departed, and croſſing the quadrangle, met the Proctor who laid the information; 'Sir, (ſaid he) the Vice-Chancellor wants to ſpeak with you,' and returned with him. 'Here, Sir,' ſaid he, 'here he is.' "Who?" ſaid the Chancellor. 'Why, Sir,' ſaid he, 'you ſent me for a raſcal,

and

and I have brought you the greateſt that I know of.'

ANECDOTE

OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor of Germany, in his way to Paris, arriving in the dominions of the Duke of Wurtemberg, was received by the Prince himſelf *incog.* who inſiſted on taking care of his Majeſty's horſes, equipage, &c. and alſo to take him to a houſe made ready for his arrival. The whole of the Prince's attendants were induſtriouſly employed in the ſervice of this illuſtrious traveller, who of courſe found this imagined hotel the beſt prepared of any on the road. When the Emperor renewed his journey, ſuch fine ſwift horſes were fixed to his carriage, that he confeſſed they did honour to his landlord the poſtmaſter.—The poſtillion who drove him had not, as the reſt, the uſual ſtile of habit; a bag-wig, rough and undreſſed, old boots well blacked, and his whole dreſs manifeſtly declared the injury that time had made on him; but in mounting his horſe he had ſuch an air of activity, that the Emperor immediately conceived a favourable opinion of him.—When the Emperor had taken his place in his

carriage, the poſtillion ſet off like lightning, and arrived at the appointed ſtage with an aſtoniſhing ſpeed, and ſuch as no other horſes the Emperor had uſed could anyways equal. The dextrous poſtillion was not only immediately called and well rewarded, but promiſed a place in the Emperor's ſervice, if he would accept it. 'With all my heart,' ſaid the poſtillion, in a jocoſe manner. "Very well, (ſaid the Emperor) take a draught of wine, and we'll ſet off." 'Two, if you pleaſe, (ſaid the poſtillion) and then I'll whip you over ſix more leagues in a trice.' One of the boys of the inn brought him a bottle of wine, which he took in one hand, ſaluted the Emperor with the other, and then drank freely like a poſtillion.—The Emperor again got into his carriage. "Drive on, my friend, (ſaid he) you ſhall have ſomething more for your ſpeed." 'Oh, by my ſoul, no doubt, maſter, (ſaid the poſtillion) I find you are a worthy gentleman.' They preſently arrived at the ſtage, where they refreſhed; and the poſtillion received a handful of ducats, which he took without counting, and went out as going to the ſtable. "I never had ſuch a good relief of horſes, nor ſo good a poſtillion," ſaid the Emperor to his new landlord. 'I believe it firmly, (ſaid the innkeeper) the horſes belong to his Highneſs the Prince of Wurtemberg, and the Prince himſelf

was

was your poſtillion.' The Emperor gave immediate orders to go and ſeek the Prince; but it was needleſs; he had ſet off for his own palace, and it was impoſſible to overtake him. The Emperor was extremely ſurprized at the ſingularity of this piece of gallantry, and directly wrote to the Prince his acknowledgments for ſuch a condeſcending ſervice.

A DROLL ADVENTURE

AT THE HOUSE OF A CERTAIN COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

HAVING miſſed two pounds of butter, freſh and fine, which he kept for his own uſe, he accuſed the maid of having eaten it, or, at leaſt, uſed it, as in truth ſhe had, for herſelf and ſome kitchen company. The girl, to excuſe the larceny, brought a young cat to her maſter, and declared that puſs had eaten all the butter, and that ſhe had caught her that moment in the act of finiſhing the laſt morſel. The excuſe was plauſible, but would not paſs on the cunning citizen, who immediately put the young cat in the ſcales; when finding that the creature weighed but a pound and a half, he concluded ſhe could not have eaten juſt

two pounds of butter, and ſent for a conſtable to carry the maid before an alderman. But the ſervant redeemed herſelf by paying for the butter.

A PROSAIC ODE TO PEACE:

BY A NOBLE LORD, WHILE RESIDENT AT ALTENA.

THE Fates conduct us when they will, and where; for now (averſe to cold) we winter in a frigid clime approaching Greenland. A furious Northern blaſt our veſſel blew acroſs the Belt, ſwift as a ſwallow ſkims along the Thames, or doves affrighted cut the yielding air. O England, Neptune's glory, abode of wiſdom! in thee ('tis ſaid) dwells liberty divine. Saviour of England, ſaviour of Bacchus and the Cyprian Queen, omnifluent Ocean, propitious prove. Riſe up, celeſtial goddeſs, from the deep; turn to fair Albion's coaſt a lovely look, and fix your temples on its fertile brow. Thy favourite all o'er the Britiſh iſle is found, thy myrtles fragrant in its gardens grow; each free-born ſwain, each beauteous nymph, every ſcience which our empire doth adorn, ſhall greet thee welcome to our ſea-bound ſhore. All hail! gay Bacchus; victorious Venus,

Venus, come! Let Mars, the deſtroyer of our ſhort-liv'd race, be baniſhed to the Euxine ſea, or ſound his trumpet on the Thracian plains. Let Turks and Ruſſians this barbarous deity receive; whilſt England, happy in its own extent, from all diſſention free, ſhall rule the waves in peace, in plenty, harmony, and delight! All hail! gay Bacchus; victorious Venus, come! Let full libations ſtream along the board, and marriage rites, emblems of peace, undiſturbed remain; till, with redoubled ſtrength, by wealth and reſt increaſed.

To the POOR.

THE Providence of Almighty God has placed you under difficult circumſtances of life, and daily reads you a leſſon in a more particular manner to depend upon him. This you may be aſſured of, for your comfort, that you are under God's conſtant and immediate care: and one advantage which you enjoy above the rich, in your journey to heaven, is, that you are not clogged and hindered in your courſe thither by thoſe manifold incumbrances which lie on them; of whom our Saviour hath ſaid, "That it is very hard for them to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Their temptations are proportioned to their abundance; their

their cares are more, and their diſtractions greater; ſo that you have no reaſon to envy them, nor repine at your own condition; and theſe are chiefly your temptations, and againſt theſe you muſt be more particularly watchful. Certainly, if you conſider things aright, you will find that your ſtorehouſe is the more ſure, your ſupply moſt certain; for you are immediately in the hands of God, of him who feedeth the ravens, and clotheth the graſs of the field; ſo that you may be much more aſſured that he will clothe you. Endeavour to be humble, holy, heavenly-minded; always remembering, that he is the pooreſt man, who is poor in grace.

AN ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK.

A Short time previous to the death of this inconſolable and lovely mourner, and when ſhe was preparing to go to Liſbon for the recovery of her health, a conſultation of phyſicians was held at Bedford-Houſe, and one of the gentlemen preſent deſired, whilſt he felt her pulſe, that ſhe would hold open her hand. Her frequent refuſals

ſals occaſioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently aſunder, when he perceived that ſhe had ſhut them to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. "O, Madam!" obſerved the phyſician, "my preſcriptions muſt be uſeleſs, if your Ladyſhip is determined to keep before your eyes, an object, which, although deſervedly dear to you, ſerves only to confirm the violence of your illneſs." The Marchioneſs anſwered, "I have kept the picture either in my boſom or my hand, ever ſince the death of my lamented Lord; and thus am I determined to preſerve it, till I fortunately drop after him into the grave."

XENOPHON tells us, that when an Armenian Prince had been taken captive, with his Princeſs, by Cyrus, and was aſked, what he would give to be reſtored to his kingdom and liberty? he replied, "As for my kingdom and liberty, I value them not; but if my blood would redeem my Princeſs, I would cheerfully give it for her." And when Cyrus had reſtored him all, he aſked his queen, "What think you of Cyrus?" to which ſhe replied, "I did not obſerve him; my whole attention was entirely fixed upon that generous man, who would have purchaſed my liberty with his life."

LITERARY

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

WHEN the ſplendid folio edition of Cæſar's Commentaries, by Clarke, publiſhed on purpoſe to be preſented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was ſold at the ſale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library, for forty pounds, it was accompanied with an anecdote reſpecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deſerves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had this book in his poſſeſſion, his mother, being informed that it was of ſome value, wiſhed to diſpoſe of it, and being told that Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper perſon to offer it to, ſhe waited upon him for that purpoſe. He aſked what ſhe required for it? and being anſwered four guineas, took it without heſitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book.—Being deſirous, however, of information with reſpect to the nature of the purchaſe he had made, he went to an eminent bookſeller's, and enquired what he would give for ſuch a book: the bookſeller replied, ſeventeen guineas. Mr. Beauclerk, actuated by principles of ſtrict juſtice and benevolence, went immediately to the perſon who ſold him the book, and telling her that ſhe had been miſtaken in its value, not only gave her the additional

ditional thirteen guineas, but alſo generouſly beſtowed a further gratuity upon her.

This anecdote is recorded with the greateſt ſatisfaction, as it does juſtice to the memory of a character, lately conſpicuous among us for erudition and talents.

ANECDOTE

OF A PERSIAN MINISTER OF STATE.

COSROES, King of Perſia, had a Miniſter of State, whoſe character was ſo amiable, that it was difficult to determine by whom he was moſt beloved, the King or his people. At length this able Miniſter demanded his diſmiſſion: but Coſroes, unwilling to loſe ſuch a faithful and wiſe ſtateſman, deſired an explanation. "Why would you deſert me?" ſaid the afflicted Monarch:—"Have you any cauſe of complaint? Has not the dew of my benevolence fallen upon thee? Have not all my ſlaves been ordered to make no diſtinction between thy orders and mine? Are not you next my heart? Have you any thing to aſk that I can grant? Speak, and you ſhall be ſatisfied; only do not think of leaving me."

Mitranes, the Miniſter, made this reply: "O, King! I have ſerved thee with zeal and fidelity, and thou haſt moſt amply rewarded me; but nature now requires from me one of the moſt ſacred of its duties. I have a ſon, who can only learn from me how to ſerve thee or thy ſucceſſors hereafter, as I have done: let me purſue this private duty, after all my care for the public good."

Coſroes granted his requeſt; but upon this condition, that he ſhould take the young Prince with him into his retreat, and educate both the youths together.

Mitranes ſet out, and, after five or ſix years abſence, returned and carried his pupils to Court. Coſroes was overjoyed to ſee his ſon again; but, upon examination, he was greatly chagrined to find that he had not made the ſame progreſs in his ſtudies as the ſon of Mitranes. In ſhort, he was greatly inferior to him in point of real merit.—The King complained to the Miniſter of this ſtriking difference; and his reply ſhould be a leſſon to all young men of good diſpoſitions: "O, King! my ſon has made a better uſe than yours of the inſtructions I gave to both: my attention has been equally divided between them; but my ſon knows that his dependence muſt be on mankind,

kind, while I never could conceal from yours that men would be dependent upon him."

ANECDOTE

OF POPE SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

POPE Sixtus the Fifth being made Pope from a Cordelier, did not change his humour by changing his fortune, but kept ſtill the character of a facetious man; and he loved to run over in his mind all the cunning tricks he had played, and the adventures of his firſt condition. He remembered, amongſt other things, that when he was a Cordelier, he had borrowed money of one Father Peter, of the monaſtry of ——, and had not repaid it to him; and hearing he was ſtill living, he ſent him orders to come and give account of his actions. The good Father, who found no guilt upon him, went to Rome; and, being come before the Pope, " We are informed (ſaid the Holy Father to him) that you have miſemployed the revenues of your monaſtry, and we have ſent for you to give us an account of the matter." 'Holy Father, (ſaid the monk) I think myſelf altogether innocent as to that.' " Conſider well, (ſaid the Pope) whether you have not indiſcreetly lent mo-

ney to any body, particularly to a certain Cordelier, who came to you ſuch a year." The Monk having thought on it awhile, ' 'Tis true, (ſaid he) Holy Father, he was a great knave, who got that money from me upon idle pretences, and a promiſe he made me of repaying it in a little time.' " Well, (ſaid the Pope) I am that very Cordelier you ſpeak of, and will now return that money according to promiſe, and adviſe you at the ſame time never to lend any more to men of that coat, who are not all cut out for Popes, to be in a condition to pay you again."

The Monk, very much ſurprized to find his Cordelier in the perſon of the Pope, offered to beg his pardon for calling him a knave. " Never trouble yourſelf about it, (ſaid the Holy Father) that might be true enough at that time; but God has furniſhed us with means to retrieve our paſt offences."

Thus he diſmiſſed the Monk, having paid him the money he owed him, and expreſſed to him great demonſtrations of favour.

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE

RELATING TO

PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

IN one of the many plots which were formed againſt the life and government of this Monarch, there was, among the number of thoſe ſeized, a ſoldier belonging to his own regiment of guards. Peter being told by the officers that this man had always behaved extremely well, had curioſity to ſee him, and to learn from his own mouth what had been his inducement to be concerned in a plot againſt him. To this purpoſe he dreſſed himſelf in plain cloaths, that he might not be known by the man, and went to the priſon where he was confined. After ſome converſation, Peter added, " I ſhould be glad to hear, friend, what were your reaſons for being concerned in an attempt againſt the Emperor, your maſter, as I am certain that he never did you any injury; on the contrary, he has a regard for you as a brave ſoldier, and a man who always did his duty in the field: if you was therefore to ſhew the leaſt remorſe for what you have done, the Emperor would, I am perſuaded, forgive you; but before I intereſt myſelf in your behalf, you muſt tell me by what motives you was induced to join the mutineers;

tineers; and I ſay again, that the Emperor, who is naturally good and compaſſionate, will give you your pardon."

"I know nothing of the Emperor," replied the ſoldier, "for I never ſaw him but at a diſtance; but he cauſed my father's head to be cut off ſome time ago, for being concerned in a former rebellion, and it is the duty of a ſon to revenge the death of his father, by that of the perſon who took away his life. If then the Emperor is really ſo good and merciful as you have repreſented him, adviſe him, for his own ſafety, not to pardon me; for were he to reſtore me to my liberty, the firſt uſe I ſhould make of it would be to engage in ſome new attempt againſt his life; nor ſhould I ever reſt till I had accompliſhed my deſign: the ſecureſt method, therefore, which he can take, will be to order my head to be ſtruck off immediately, without which his own life is in danger."

The Czar in vain uſed all the arguments he could think of to ſet before this deſperado the folly and injuſtice of ſuch ſentiments: he ſtill perſiſted in what he had declared; and Peter departed, greatly chagrined at the bad ſucceſs of his viſit, and gave orders for the execution of this man with the reſt of his accomplices.

Of ARCHIMEDES.

HAD Archimedes lived in our days, he would have been another Newton. When Syracuſe was beſieged, he put in practice all the reſources of his wonderful genius in machinery for the defence of his country, and rendered this ſiege one of the longeſt and moſt bloody that ever the Romans undertook.

The particulars recorded of the many engines invented by him, for fruſtrating the attacks of the beſiegers, and to harraſs them in their turn, are ſo extraordinary and wonderful, as to exceed all credibility, were they not recounted by the graveſt and moſt credible hiſtorians. Some of theſe engines diſcharged againſt the Roman infantry ſtones of an enormous bulk, which cruſhed in pieces whatever came in their way; and by the deſtruction they produced, reſembled in ſome degree thoſe terrible fire-arms ſince invented by mankind for their mutual ruin. Others let fall ſuch ponderous weights on the Roman gallies, as inſtantly ſunk them. Another engine, more extraordinary ſtill, was ſo contrived, as with an iron of amazing ſtrength to ſeize a veſſel by the prow, to lift her up to a conſiderable height, and then to let her fall

fall with her whole weight, ſo as to ſink or break her to pieces.

In this manner did Archimedes baffle, for the ſpace of eight months, all the attacks of the Romans. Of ſuch great uſe, on ſome occaſions, is a ſingle man of genius and ſcience.

But the machines which Archimedes made uſe of againſt the Romans at the ſiege of Syracuſe, were in his eye mere trifles, in compariſon of his ſcientific diſcoveries. He declared, that if he had a fixed point out of this earth, he could move it like any other large body. By means of hydroſtatics, he diſcovered the theft of a goldſmith, who had mixed ſome other metal with the gold he ought to have uſed in forming a crown, which he had undertaken to make for King Hiero. The burning-glaſs, which he invented to ſet on fire the fleet of Marcellus, was for a long time conſidered as chimerical; but after ſeeing that of a celebrated modern philoſopher, the other can no longer be denied.

Syracuſe was at laſt taken after a ſiege of three years, and in the year before Chriſt 212. Marcellus, the Roman conſul, was much delighted with the hopes of finding in this city the man whoſe wonderful

wonderful genius had ſo long baffled the braveſt efforts of the Roman arms, and therefore ordered diligent ſearch to be every where made for Archimedes. A private ſoldier finding him at laſt, deeply intent on the ſolution of ſome geometrical problem, commanded him to go along with him to Marcellus. Archimedes very quietly begged of the ſoldier to wait a few moments, till he ſhould finiſh his problem. But the ſoldier, miſtaking his requeſt for an abſolute refuſal to obey him, ſtabbed him with his ſword on the ſpot.

Marcellus was extremely concerned at the death of Archimedes, and by the honours paid to his memory, plainly evinced the high opinion he entertained of his merits, giving him a very pompous funeral, and cauſing a monument to be erected to his memory, ſo contrived as to exhibit an emblem of that moſt perfect of ſciences, the mathematics. He even extended his favour to the relations of Archimedes, on whom he beſtowed diſtinguiſhing and advantageous privileges.

Cicero tells us, that more than 140 years after this event, when the memory of Archimedes was almoſt loſt among his countrymen, he himſelf had the curioſity to make enquiry about his tomb, which, after a painful ſearch, he had the pleaſure

at laſt to find; diſcovering it by a pillar, whereon was delineated the figure of a ſphere and cylinder, with an inſcription on the foot of it, pointing out the proportion that a ſphere bears to a cylinder of the ſame baſe and altitude, which is that of 2 to 3; a propoſition which was diſcovered and demonſtrated by Archimedes.

ON

GENEROSITY

AND

DISINTERESTED HONESTY.

A Certain Cardinal, who for the multitude of his generous actions was ſtiled the Patron of the Poor, had a conſtant cuſtom, once or twice a week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various neceſſities, or the motives of his own bounty.

One day a poor woman, encouraged by the fame of his generoſity, came into the hall of this Cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among the crowd of petitioners, the

the Cardinal, diſcerning the marks of an extraordinary modeſty in her face and carriage, as alſo in her daughter's, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She, bluſhing, and not without tears, thus addreſſed herſelf to him: 'My Lord, I owe for the rent of my houſe five crowns; and ſuch is my misfortune, that I have no other means to pay it, ſave what would break my heart, ſince my landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, to proſtitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in virtue, and an abhorrence of that odious crime. What I beg of your eminence is, that you will pleaſe to interpoſe your ſacred authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by our honeſt induſtry, we can procure the money for him.' The Cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and innocent modeſty, bid her be of good courage. Then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the widow's hands, "Go," ſaid he, "to my ſteward with this paper, and he ſhall deliver thee five crowns to pay the rent."

The poor woman, overjoyed, and returning the Cardinal a thouſand thanks, went directly to the ſteward, and gave him the note; which, when he had read, he told her fifty crowns. She, aſtoniſhed at the meaning of it, and fearing this was only the

ſteward's trick to try her honeſty, refuſed to take above five, ſaying, 'She aſked the Cardinal for no more, and ſhe was ſure it was a miſtake.'

On the other hand, the ſteward inſiſted on his maſter's order, not daring to call it in queſtion. But all the arguments he could uſe were inſufficient to prevail on her to take more than five crowns. Whereupon, to end the controverſy, he offered to go back with her to the Cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent Prince, and he was fully informed of the buſineſs; "It is true," ſaid he, "I miſtook in writing fifty crowns; give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Thereupon he wrote again, ſaying thus to the woman: "So much candour and virtue deſerve a recompence; here, I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can ſpare of it, lay it up for a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

If I miſtake not, this Cardinal was called Farneſe: but whatever his name was, this was an action truly heroic, and which has but few parallels.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF ALEXANDER THE SIXTH.

AS Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been juſt evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townſmen buſy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure deſigned to repreſent himſelf. There were ſome alſo knocking down a neighbouring ſtatue of one of the Orſini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is poſſible a man who knew leſs of the world, would have condemned the adulation of thoſe barefaced flatterers; but Alexander ſeemed pleaſed at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his ſon, ſaid with a ſmile, "You ſee, my ſon, the ſmall difference between a gibbet and a ſtatue."

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION

CONTRASTED.

A VISION.

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not bet-

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ter employed, you may read the relation of it as follows:

Methought I was in the midſt of a very entertaining ſet of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively converſation; when, on a ſudden, I perceived one of the moſt ſhocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dreſſed in black; her ſkin was contracted into a thouſand wrinkles; her eyes deep ſunk in her head; and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting ſeverity; and her hands armed with whips and ſcorpions.—As ſoon as ſhe came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, ſhe bade me follow her. I obeyed; and ſhe led me through rugged paths, beſet with briars and thorns, into a deep ſolitary valley. Wherever ſhe paſſed, the fading verdure withered beneath her ſteps, her peſtilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obſcured the luſtre of the ſun, and involved the face of heaven with univerſal gloom. Diſmal howling reſounded through the foreſt; from every baleful tree the night raven uttered his dreadful note, and the proſpect was filled with deſolation and horror. In the midſt of this tremendous

mendous ſcene, my execrable guide addreſſed me in the following manner:

"Retire with me, O raſh unthinking mortal! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world; and learn, that pleaſure was not deſigned the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched: this is the condition of all below the ſtars; and whoever endeavours to oppoſe it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and ſocial delight, and here conſecrate the ſolitary hours to lamentation and woe. Miſery is the duty of all ſublunary beings; and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity; who is to be worſhipped only by the mortification of every ſenſe of pleaſure, and the everlaſting exerciſe of ſighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite ſunk my ſpirits, and ſeemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myſelf beneath a blaſted yew, where the winds blew cold and diſmal round my head, and dreadful apprehenſions chilled my heart. Here I reſolved to lie, till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, ſhould put an end to the miſeries of a life ſo deplorably wretched. In this ſad ſituation, I eſpied on one hand

hand of me a deep muddy river, whoſe heavy waves rolled on in ſlow ſullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was juſt upon the brink, when I found myſelf ſuddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was ſurprized by the ſight of the lovelieſt object I had ever beheld. The moſt engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories ſparkled in her eyes, and their awful ſplendors were ſoftened by the gentleſt looks of compaſſion and peace. At her approach the frightful ſpectre, who had before tormented me, vaniſhed away, and with her all the horrors ſhe had cauſed. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful ſunſhine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite tranſported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleaſure began to gladden my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine inſtructions:

" My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monſter, from whoſe power I have freed you, is called Superſtition; ſhe is the child of Diſcontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus, different as we are,

ſhe

ſhe has often the inſolence to aſſume my name and character, and ſeduces unhappy mortals to think us the ſame; till ſhe at length drives them to the borders of deſpair, that dreadful abyſs into which you were juſt going to ſink.

"Look round, and ſurvey the various beauties of this globe, w' ·h heaven has deſtined for the ſeat of the human race; and conſider whether a world thus exquiſitely framed, could be meant for the abode of miſery and pain. For what end has the laviſh hand of Providence diffuſed ſuch innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of exiſtence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it?—Thus to enjoy the bleſſings he has ſent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleaſure, is pitiable ignorance, or abſurd perverſeneſs. Infinite goodneſs is the ſource of created exiſtence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the higheſt order of raptured ſeraphs to the meaneſt rank of men, is to riſe inceſſantly from lower degrees of happineſs to higher. They have each faculties aſſigned them for various orders of delights."

"What!" cried I, "is this the language of Religion? Does ſhe lead her votaries through

flowery paths, and bid them paſs an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, and the ſelf-denying exerciſes of ſaints and heroes?"

"The true enjoyments of a reaſonable being," anſwered ſhe mildly, "do not conſiſt in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious eaſe, in the tumult of paſſions, the langour of indolence, or the flutter of light amuſements. Yielding to immoral pleaſures corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones debaſes it; both in their degrees diſqualify it for its genuine good, and conſign it over to wretchedneſs. Whoever would be really happy, muſt make the diligent and regular exerciſe of his ſuperior powers his chief attention; adoring the perfections of his Maker, expreſſing good-will to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he muſt allow ſuch gratifications as will, by refreſhing them, invigorate his nobler purſuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic nature, unmingled felicity for ever blooms; joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant ſtream, nor needs there any mound to check its courſe. Beings conſcious of a frame of mind originally diſeaſed, as all the human race has cauſe to be, muſt uſe the regimen of a ſtricter ſelf-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary

voluntary exceſſes, muſt patiently ſubmit, both to the painful workings of nature and needful ſeverities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate ſhare of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair manſion of his merciful parent affords, conſiſtent with his recovery. And, in proportion as his recovery advances, the livelieſt joy will ſpring from his ſecret ſenſe of an amended and improved heart.—So far from the horrors of deſpair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulph into which thou wert juſt now going to plunge.

"While the moſt faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent ſoul will be ſupported with ſtill ſweeter conſolations under all its experience of human infirmities, ſupported by the gladdening aſſurances, that every ſincere endeavour to outgrow them, ſhall be aſſiſted, accepted, and rewarded. To ſuch a one, the loweſt ſelf-abaſement is but a deep-laid foundation for the moſt elevated hopes; ſince they who faithfully examine, and acknowledge what they are, ſhall be enabled under my conduct, to become what they deſire. The Chriſtian and the hero are inſeparable: and to the aſpirings of unaſſuming truſt and filial confidence, are ſet no bounds. To him

who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the univerſe, no difficulty is inſurmountable. Secure in his purſuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the ſevereſt pains and trials is little more than the vigorous exerciſes of a mind in health. His patient dependance on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his ſilent reſignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to his inſcrutable ways, is at once the moſt excellent ſort of ſelf-denial, and ſource of the moſt exalted tranſports. Society is the true ſphere of human virtue. In ſocial, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; reſtraints of many kinds will be neceſſary; and ſtudying to behave right in reſpect of theſe, is a diſcipline of the human heart, uſeful to others, and improving to itſelf. Suffering is no duty, but where it is neceſſary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleaſure a crime, but where it ſtrengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or leſſens the generous activity of virtue. The happineſs allotted to man in his preſent ſtate is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal proſpect and noble capacities: but yet, whatever portion of it the diſtributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful ſupport and refreſhment for the preſent moment,

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ſo far as it may not hinder the attaining his final deſtination.

" Return then with me, from continual miſery, to moderate enjoyment and grateful alacrity; return from the contracted views of ſolitude to the proper duties of a relative and dependant being. Religion is not confined to cells and cloſets, nor reſtrained to ſullen retirement. Theſe are the gloomy doctrines of Superſtition, by which ſhe endeavours to break thoſe chains of benevolence and ſocial affection that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember, that the greateſt honour you can pay the Author of your being, is ſuch a cheerful behaviour as diſcovers a mind ſatisfied with its own diſpenſations."

Here my preceptreſs pauſed; and I was going to expreſs my acknowledgments for her diſcourſe, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and the new-riſen ſun darting his beams through my windows, awakened me.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF MR. ADDISON.

IT is related of Mr. Addiſon, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himſelf ever to ſhine as a public ſpeaker, that at the time of debating the Union act in the Houſe of Commons, he roſe up, and addreſſing himſelf to the Speaker, ſaid, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—but could go no farther; then riſing again, he ſaid, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—ſtill unable to proceed, he ſat down again. A third time he aroſe, and was ſtill unable to ſay any thing more than—"Mr. Speaker, I conceive;"—when a certain young member, who was poſſeſſed of more effrontery and volubility, aroſe, and ſaid, "Mr. Speaker, I am ſorry to find that the Honourable Gentleman over the way has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing."

To begin NOTHING of which you have not well conſidered the END.

A Certain Cham of Tartary going a progreſs with his nobles, was met by a Derviſe, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of

of advice." The Cham ordered him the ſum; upon which the Derviſe ſaid, " Begin nothing of which thou haſt not well conſidered the End."

The courtiers, upon hearing this plain ſentence, ſmiled, and ſaid with a ſneer, 'The Derviſe is well paid for his maxim.' But the King was ſo well ſatisfied with the anſwer, that he ordered it to be written in golden letters in ſeveral places of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the King's ſurgeon was bribed to kill him with a poiſoned lancet, at the time he let him blood. One day, when the King's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the ſurgeon's hand, he read on the baſon, 'Begin nothing of which thou haſt not well conſidered the end.' He immediately ſtarted, and let the lancet fall out of his hand.—The king obſerved his confuſion, and enquired the reaſon: The ſurgeon fell proſtrate, confeſſed the whole affair, and was pardoned, and the conſpirators died. The Cham, turning to his courtiers, who heard the advice with contempt, told them, " That counſel could not be too much valued which had ſaved a King's life."

An Extraordinary ROBBERY.

THE following extraordinary affair is given to the public on the authority of a very reſpectable correſpondent, who vouches for the truth of it:—A Lady in the neighbourhood of London, a ſhort time ſince, went to the bank to receive a dividend, amounting to a conſiderable ſum, which ſhe took in bank-bills, put them looſe in her pocket, and directed her coachman to drive to a tradeſman's in the city, where ſhe bought ſome goods, and took the opportunity of examining her bills, and putting them in her pocket-book; after which ſhe got into her coach, and ordered the ſervant to drive home. A few miles from town, the carriage was ſtopped by a ſingle highwayman, with a crape over his face, who demanded the lady's money and watch, which ſhe gave him. 'Madam, (ſays he) you have more property about you, give me your pocket-book.' This was complied with, and the highwayman rode off. After a few minutes conſideration, the Lady called to her coachman to turn about, and drive back again to the tradeſman's where he had taken her up.—On her arrival there, ſhe enquired for the maſter of the ſhop, and was informed that he was gone out of town; that his return was uncertain, it might be

be in an hour or two, or perhaps not for two or three days. This anſwer increaſing her ſuſpicion, ſhe declared that her buſineſs was of a very particular nature, and ſhe would wait till ſhe ſaw him. About an hour afterwards the tradeſman made his appearance, when the lady deſired to ſpeak with him in private, and the moment they were alone, ſhe told him ſhe had been robbed by a highwayman that afternoon, 'and he was the man.' The tradeſman began to ſtorm, proteſting his innocence; but the Lady replied very coolly, that ſhe was poſitive as to his perſon and voice, though his face was covered; that if he would quietly reſtore her her property, ſhe would never diſcover him, from a regard to his family; and if he did not inſtantly comply with this requeſt, ſhe would order him to be taken into cuſtody. Upon this the tradeſman burſt into tears, and acknowledging his guilt, reſtored the property; and the Lady has ſo ſtrictly kept her promiſe, that her moſt intimate friends cannot obtain even a diſtant hint by which the penitent robber may be diſcovered.

ANECDOTE

OF THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

WHEN Spencer had finiſhed his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of thoſe days. The manuſcript being ſent up to the Earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his ſervant to give the writer 20l. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, 'Carry that man another 20l.' Proceeding ſtill, he ſaid, 'Give him 20l. more.' But, at length, he loſt all patience, and ſaid, 'Go turn that fellow out of the houſe, for if I read on I ſhall be ruined.'

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

'TWAS on the border of a ſtream
A gayly-painted tulip ſtood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And ſure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wiſtful eye,
Than crimſon fading into gold,
In ſtreaks of faireſt ſymmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects ſuperior ſtate,
And thus in empty fancy ſwells.

" O luſtre of unrivall'd bloom!
" Fair painting of a hand divine!
" Superior far to mortal doom,
" The hues of heav'n alone are mine!

" Away, ye worthleſs, formleſs race!
" Ye weeds, that boaſt the name of flowers!
" No more my native bed diſgrace,
" Unmeet for tribes ſo mean as yours!

" Shall the bright daughter of the ſun
" Aſſociate with the ſhrubs of earth?
" Ye ſlaves, your ſovereign's preſence ſhun!
" Reſpect her beauties and her birth.

" And thou, dull, ſullen evergreen!
" Shalt thou my ſhining ſphere invade?
" My noon-day beauties beam unſeen,
" Obſcur'd beneath thy duſky ſhade."

' Deluded flower!' the Myrtle cries,
' Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?

'The meaneſt ſhrub that you deſpiſe,
'The meaneſt flower has merit more.

'That Daiſy, in its ſimpleſt bloom,
'Shall laſt along the changing year,
'Bluſh on the ſnow of winter's gloom,
'And bid the ſmiling ſpring appear.

'The Violet, that, thoſe banks beneath,
'Hides from thy ſcorn its modeſt head,
'Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
'When thou art in thy duſty bed.

'Ev'n I, who boaſt no golden ſhade,
'Am of no ſhining tints poſſeſs'd,
'When low thy lucid form is laid,
'Shall bloom on many a lovely breaſt.

'And he, whoſe kind and foſtering care
'To thee, to me, our beings gave,
'Shall near his breaſt my flow'rets wear,
'And walk regardleſs o'er thy grave.

'Deluded flower! the friendly ſcreen,
'That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
'And mocks thy paſſion to be ſeen,
'Prolongs thy tranſitory day.

'But

'But kindly deed with ſcorn repaid—
'No more by virtue need be done:
'I now withdraw my duſky ſhade,
'And yield thee to thy darling ſun.'

Fierce on the flower the ſcorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder ſwell.

Expanded by the ſearching fire,
The curling leaves the breaſt diſclos'd;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the ſun was ſliding low,
And ev'ning came with dews ſo cold;
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
And ſought her bending leaves to fold.

Thoſe leaves, alas! no more would cloſe;
Relax'd, exhauſted, ſickening, pale;
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the riſing gale.

An ANECDOTE.

A Proud Parſon, and his man, riding over a common, ſaw a ſhepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parſon aſked him, in a haughty tone, Who gave him that coat?—The ſame, ſaid the Shepherd, that clothed you—the *pariſh*. The parſon, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade his man go back, and aſk the ſhepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man, going accordingly to the ſhepherd, delivered his maſter's meſſage, and concluded as he was ordered, that his maſter wanted a fool. *Why, are you going away then?* ſaid the ſhepherd. No, anſwered the other. Then you may tell your maſter, replied the ſhepherd, *that his living cannot maintain three of us.*

AWE.

AWE is the firſt ſentiment which ariſes in the ſoul at the view of greatneſs. But in the heart of a devout man, it is a ſolemn and elevating, not a dejected emotion; for he glows, rather than trembles, in the divine preſence. It is not the

ſuperſtitious dread of unknown power, but the homage yielded by the heart, to Him, who is at once the greateſt and beſt of Beings.

DISEASE.

IT may be ſaid that diſeaſe generally begins that equality which death completes. The diſtinctions which ſet one man ſo far above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a ſick chamber; where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or inſtruction from the wiſe, where all human glory is obliterated: the wit is clouded, the reaſoner perplexed, and the hero ſubdued; where the higheſt and brighteſt of mortals find nothing left but conſciouſneſs of innocence.

A PICTURE OF AMBITION,

IN THE FATE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

IN full-blown dignity ſee Wolſey ſtand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand,
To him the church, the realm, their powers conſign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty ſhine.

Still

Still to new heights his reſtleſs wiſhes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances pow'r;
Till conqueſt, unreſiſted, ceaſe to pleaſe,
And rights ſubmitted, left him none to ſeize.
At length his Sovereign frowns—the train of ſtate
Mark the keen glance, and watch the ſign to hate;
Where'er he turns he meets a ſtranger's eye,
His ſuppliants ſcorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is loſt the pride of awful ſtate,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord;
With age, with cares—with maladies oppreſs'd,
He ſeeks the refuge of monaſtic reſt.
Grief adds diſeaſe, remember'd folly ſtings,
And his laſt ſighs reproach the fate of Kings.

EFFECTS OF RELIGION.

RELIGION prepares the mind of man for all the events of this inconſtant ſtate, inſtructs him in the nature of true happineſs, early weans him from undue love of the world; afflictions do not attack him by ſurprize, and therefore do not overwhelm him; he is equipped for the ſtorm as well as the calm, in this dubious navigation of life: he is not overcome by diſappointment, when that

that which is mortal dies, when that which is mutable begins to change, and when that which he knew to be tranſient paſſes away.

Religion not only purifies, but alſo fortifies the heart; ſo that the devout man is neither lifted up by ſucceſs, nor enervated by ſenſuality; he meets the changes in his lot without unmanly dejection; he is inured to temperance and reſtraint; he has learned firmneſs and ſelf-command; he is accuſtomed to look up to Supreme Providence, not with reverence only, but with truſt and hope.

In proſperity he cultivates his mind; ſtores it with uſeful knowledge, with good principles, and virtuous diſpoſitions. The reſources remain entire when the day of trouble comes. His chief pleaſures are always of the calm, innocent, and temperate kind, and over thoſe the changes of the world have the leaſt power. His mind is a kingdom to him, and he can ever enjoy it.

The ROBBERY of Mr. JAMES MACKAY,

UPHOLSTERER, IN PICCADILLY.

MR. Mackay was truſtee to the will of a gentleman deceaſed, and had conſtantly paid

the wife of De Chameron an annuity of thirty guineas a year, under the will to which he was intruſted. The wife of this man had been in the habit of conſtantly making applications to Mr. Mackay to aſſiſt her with money in advance on account of her annuity, always ſtating her poverty and diſtreſs as the plea. She was then in advance; and what was unfortunate for Mr. Mackay, the pretence for decoying him from his houſe was, that ſhe had called on him with the information of it being in her power to repay the money Mr. Mackay had been good enough to advance, and that, if he would then accompany her to her houſe, ſhe would repay it. Mr. Mackay immediately left his own houſe about nine in the morning with her, and were both of them let in by De Chameron. He was deſired to walk up ſtairs into the dining-room, when De Chameron, after a few minutes converſation, produced a large knife and a pair of piſtols, with which he menaced him with inſtant death, if he offered to cry out or alarm the neighbours, and if he did not lower his voice he would inſtantly diſpatch him. He then demanded his immediately writing an order on his banker (Meſſrs. Drummond) for three hundred guineas, and was very preſſing that it ſhould be drawn in his uſual, cuſtomary manner of drawing drafts, for if the money was not produced, inſtant

death

death ſhould be the conſequence of refuſal. The draft was written by Mr. Mackay, and Mrs. De Chameron was diſpatched with it. On her return, the villain produced the bank-notes to Mr. Mackay, and told him, there was the money. He then inſiſted on his drawing another draft on Mr. Walpole, the banker, where the money was kept for the payment of De Chameron's annuity.—This Mr. Mackay refuſed, ſtating, that he would ſubmit to death rather than do it; that if he was ſuffered to have his choice, he, for the ſake of his wife and family, ſhould prefer life; but that at all events, he was determined not to draw another draft. Finding he was fixed in his determination, the villain ceaſed importuning him. He then bored holes in the wainſcot of the room, and paſſed ropes through them, compelling Mr. Mackay to ſit down on the floor, to which he bound him, having firſt tied his hands behind him. In this manner he remained, till ſome neighbours, hearing his cries, fortunately came and relieved him from his ſituation.

When the perſons got into the houſe to releaſe Mr. Mackay, they found him tied by the hands and legs, with ropes put through the wainſcot, and one hand tied to a rope fixed to the window, which, upon being haſtily puſhed up, would have

pulled the trigger of a piſtol, the muzzle of which was inſerted in a ſmall barrel of gunpowder. Mr. Mackay, upon the perſons getting up the window to releaſe him, called out to them not to open the window haſtily, upon which they opened it gently, and cut the rope, and thereby avoided the danger. There was no furniture whatever in the houſe; the only things found therein, were ſome wood, which was put under the ſtaircaſe, a tinder-box and matches, pen, ink, and paper, and a ſcrew fixed into the ceiling-beam, to which a rope was ſuſpended.

De Chameron, who, in concert with his wife, committed the audacious robbery, was ſome years ago a private ſoldier in the French ſervice.—Whilſt in that ſtation, he found means to defraud a jeweller in Paris of diamonds to a conſiderable amount, with which he fled to England. It was ſuppoſed that they fled to Holland for ſecurity.

SLEEP.

AMONG the innumerable mortifications that waylay human arrogance on every ſide, may well be reckoned our ignorance of the moſt common objects and effects, a defect of which we become

come more ſenſible by every attempt to ſupply it. Vulgar and inactive minds confound familiarity with knowledge, and conceive themſelves informed of the whole nature of things, when they are ſhewn their form, or told their uſe; but the ſpeculatiſt, who is not content with ſuperficial views, harraſſes himſelf with fruitleſs curioſity, and ſtill, as he enquires more, perceives only that he knows leſs.

Sleep is a ſtate in which a great part of every life is paſſed. No animal has yet been diſcovered whoſe exiſtence is not varied with intervals of inſenſibility; and ſome late philoſophers have extended the empire of ſleep over the vegetable world.

Yet of this change, ſo frequent, ſo great, ſo general, and ſo neceſſary, no ſearcher has yet found either the efficient or final cauſe; or can tell by what power the mind and body are thus chained down in irreſiſtible ſtupefaction; or what benefits the animal receives from this alternate ſuſpenſion of its active powers.

Whatever may be the multiplicity, or contrariety of opinions upon this ſubject, nature has taken ſufficient care that theory ſhall have little influence on practice. The moſt diligent enquirer

rer is not able long to keep his eyes open; the moſt eager diſputant will begin about midnight to deſert his argument; and once in four and twenty hours, the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the ſilent, the buſy and the idle, are all overpowered by the gentle tyrant, and all lie down in the equality of ſleep.

Philoſophy has often attempted to repreſs inſolence, by aſſerting that all conditions are levelled by death; a poſition which, however it may deject the happy, will ſeldom afford much comfort to the wretched. It is far more pleaſing to conſider that ſleep is equally a leveller with death; that the time is never at a great diſtance, when the balm of reſt ſhall be effuſed alike upon every head, when the diverſities of life ſhall ſtop their operation, and the high and the low ſhall lie down together.

It is ſomewhere recorded of Alexander, that in the pride of conqueſts, and intoxication of flattery, he declared that he only perceived himſelf to be a man by the neceſſity of ſleep. Whether he conſidered ſleep as neceſſary to his mind or body, it was indeed a ſufficient evidence of human infirmity; the body which required ſuch frequency of renovation, gave but faint promiſes of immortality;

tality; and the mind which, from time to time ſunk gladly into inſenſibility, had made no very near approaches to the felicity of the ſupreme and ſelf-ſufficient nature.

I know not what can tend more to repreſs all the paſſions that diſturb the peace of the world, than the conſideration, that there is no height of happineſs or honour, from which man does not eagerly deſcend to a ſtate of unconſcious repoſe; that the beſt condition of life is ſuch, that we contentedly quit its good, to be diſentangled from its evils; that in a few hours ſplendor fades before the eye, and praiſe itſelf deadens in the ear; the ſenſes withdraw from their objects, and reaſon favours the retreat.

What then are the hopes and proſpects of covetouſneſs, ambition, and rapacity? Let him that deſires moſt have all his deſires gratified, he never ſhall attain a ſtate, which he can, for a day and a night, contemplate with ſatisfaction, or from which, if he had the power of perpetual vigilance, he would not long for periodical ſeparations.

All envy would be extinguiſhed, if it were univerſally known that there are none to be envied; and ſurely none can be much envied who are not

pleaſed

pleaſed with themſelves. There is reaſon to ſuſpect that the diſtinctions of mankind have more ſhew than value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of pleaſures and of cares; that the powerful and the weak, the celebrated and obſcure, join in one common wiſh, and implore from nature's hand the nectar of oblivion.

Such is our deſire of abſtraction from ourſelves, that very few are ſatisfied with the quantity of ſtupefaction which the needs of the body force upon the mind. Alexander himſelf added intemperance to ſleep, and ſolaced with the fumes of wine the ſovereignty of the world; and almoſt every man has ſome art, by which he ſteals his thoughts away from his preſent ſtate.

It is not much of life that is ſpent in cloſe attention to any important duty; many hours of every day are ſuffered to fly away without any traces left upon the intellects. We ſuffer phantoms to riſe up before us, and amuſe ourſelves with the dance of airy images, which after a time we diſmiſs for ever, and know not how we have been buſied.

Many have no happier moments than thoſe that they paſs in ſolitude, abandoned to their own ima-

imagination, which ſometimes puts ſceptres in their hands, or mitres on their heads, ſhifts the ſcene of pleaſure with endleſs variety, bids all the forms of beauty ſparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of viſionary luxury.

It is eaſy in theſe ſemi-ſlumbers to collect all the poſſibilities of happineſs, to alter the courſe of the ſun, to bring back the paſt, and anticipate the future; to unite all the beauties of all ſeaſons, and all the bleſſings of all climates, to receive and beſtow felicity, and forget that miſery is the lot of man. All this is a voluntary dream, a temporary receſſion from the realities of life to airy fictions; and habitual ſubjection of reaſon to fancy.

Others are afraid to be alone, and amuſe themſelves by a perpetual ſucceſſion of companions; but the difference is not great; in ſolitude we have our dreams to ourſelves, and in company we agree to dream in concert. The end ſought in both is forgetfulneſs of ourſelves.

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERIC THE GREAT,

KING OF PRUSSIA.

IT came to the King's knowledge, that a corporal of his body regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch chain ſuſpended from a leaden ball, merely from a wiſh to appear conſequential. His Majeſty, wanting to be convinced of the matter, it was ſo ſettled that the corporal could not fail meeting him at a particular hour. '*Ah, corporal,*' ſaid the Monarch, '*you muſt be a brave fellow to have ſaved a watch out of your pay.*' "I flatter myſelf that I am brave, Sire," ſaid the man, "but the watch is of very little conſequence." The King taking out a gold watch ſet round with diamonds, ſaid, '*My watch points at five,—how much is yours?*' Shame and confuſion appeared at firſt in the poor corporal's face; and, however unwilling he might be to boaſt at that moment, he drew out his chain with the bullet, and anſwered with a firm voice,—"My watch, your Majeſty, ſhews neither five nor ſix; but it points out to me, that death which I am ready to die for my King at every moment." The Monarch replied:—'*In order that you may ſee daily one of thoſe hours in which you are to die for me—take this watch.*'

THE

HUSBANDMAN's MEDITATION

IN THE FIELD.

WITH toilſome ſteps when I purſue,
O'er breaking clods, the ploughſhare's way,
Lord! teach my mental eye to view
My native diſſoluble clay.

And when with ſeed I ſtrew the earth,
To thee all praiſes let me give,
Whoſe hand prepar'd me for the birth,
Whoſe breath inform'd, and bade me live.

Pleas'd, I behold the ſtately ſtem
Support its bearded honour's load;
Thus, Lord! ſuſtain'd by thee, I came
To manhood, through youth's dangerous road.

Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
From ſin, rank weed of deepeſt ſtain,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.

When blaſts deſtroy the op'ning ear,
Life, thus replete with various woe,

Warns me to ſhun, with ſtudious care,
Pride, my moſt deadly latent foe.

When harveſt comes, the yellow crop
Prone to the reaper's ſickle yields;
And I beneath death's ſcythe muſt drop,
And ſoon or late forſake theſe fields.

When future crops, in ſilent hoards,
Sleep for a while, to ſervice dead;
Thy emblem this, oh grave! affords
The path to life which all muſt tread.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM III.

LORD Moleſworth, who had been Ambaſſador at the Court of Copenhagen, publiſhed, at the end of the laſt century, an eſteemed work, entitled, "*Account of Denmark.*" This writer ſpoke of the arbitrary government of that kingdom, with the freedom which the liberty of England inſpires. The King of Denmark, then reigning, was offended at ſome reflections of the author, and ordered his Miniſter to complain of them to William III. King of England. 'What would you have me do?' ſaid William. "Sire," replied the Daniſh miniſter, "if you had complained to the

the King, my maſter, of ſuch an offence, he would have ſent you the head of the author." 'That is what I neither will, nor can do;' replied the King; 'but if you deſire it, the author ſhall put what you have told me in the ſecond edition of his work.'

RETIREMENT

NATURAL TO A GOOD MIND;

ITS RELIGIOUS USE.

THE love of retirement has, in all ages, adhered cloſely to thoſe minds, which have been moſt enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Thoſe who enjoyed every thing generally ſuppoſed to confer happineſs, have been forced to ſeek it in the ſhades of privacy. Though they poſſeſſed both power and riches, and were, therefore, ſurrounded by men, who conſidered it as their chief intereſt to remove from them every thing that might offend their eaſe or interrupt their pleaſure, they have ſoon felt the languors of ſatiety, and found themſelves unable to purſue the race of life without frequent reſpirations of intermediate ſolitude.

To produce this diſpoſition, nothing appears requiſite but quick ſenſibility and active imagination; for, though not devoted to virtue or ſilence, the man, whoſe faculties enable him to make ready compariſons of the preſent with the paſt, will find ſuch conſtant recurrence of the ſame pleaſures and troubles, the ſame expectations and diſappointments, that he will gladly ſnatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and ſeek for that variety in his own ideas, which the objects of ſenſe cannot afford him.

Nor will greatneſs, or abundance, exempt him from the importunities of this deſire, ſince, if he is born to think, he cannot reſtrain himſelf from a thouſand enquiries and ſpeculations, which he muſt purſue by his own reaſon, and which the ſplendour of his condition can only hinder; for thoſe who are moſt exalted above dependance or controul, are yet condemned to pay ſo large a tribute of their time to cuſtom, ceremony, and popularity, that, according to the Greek proverb, No man in the houſe is more a ſlave than the maſter.

When a king aſked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner? he anſwered, that there

there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be ſeized by might, or purchaſed with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by ſtudy, and ſtudy to be proſecuted only in retirement.

Theſe are ſome of the motives which have had power to ſequeſter kings and heroes from the crowds that ſoothed them with flatteries, or inſpirited them with acclamations; but their efficacy ſeems confined to the higher mind, and to operate little upon the common claſſes of mankind, to whoſe conceptions the preſent aſſemblage of things is adequate, and who ſeldom range beyond thoſe entertainments and vexations, which ſolicit their attention by preſſing on their ſenſes.

But there is an univerſal reaſon for ſome ſtated intervals of ſolitude, which the inſtitutions of the church call upon me, now eſpecially, to mention; a reaſon which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future ſtate; and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of intellect; ſince none can imagine themſelves not comprehended in its obligation, but ſuch as determine to ſet their Maker at defiance by obſtinate wickedneſs, or whoſe enthuſiaſtic ſecurity of his approbation places them above external

ternal ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great taſk of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the preſent, to impreſs upon his mind ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promiſed to virtue, and the terrors of the puniſhment denounced againſt crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and ſorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and puſh forward to another againſt the threats of calamity.

It is not without reaſon that the Apoſtle repreſents our paſſage through this ſtage of our exiſtence by images drawn from the alarms and ſolicitude of a military life; for we are placed in ſuch a ſtate, that almoſt every thing about us conſpires againſt our chief intereſt. We are in danger from whatever can get poſſeſſion of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleaſure, has a tendency to obſtruct the way that leads to happineſs, and either to turn us aſide, or retard our progreſs.

Our

Our ſenſes, our appetites, and our paſſions, are our lawful and faithful guides, in moſt things that relate ſolely to this life; and, therefore, by the hourly neceſſity of conſulting them, we gradually ſink into an implicit ſubmiſſion, and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a ſecond compliance, every new ſtep towards depravity is made with leſs reluctance than the former, and thus the deſcent to life merely ſenſual is perpetually accelerated.

The ſenſes have not only that advantage over conſcience, which things neceſſary muſt always have over things choſen, but they have likewiſe a kind of preſcription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the ſenſations of pleaſure before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early eſtabliſhed, and inceſſantly increaſing, it muſt be remembered, that almoſt every man has, in ſome part of his life, added new ſtrength by a voluntary or negligent ſubjection of himſelf; for who is there that has not inſtigated his appetites by indulgence, or ſuffered them by an unreſiſting neutrality to enlarge their dominion and multiply their demands?

From the perpetual neceſſity of conſulting the animal faculties in our proviſion for this life, ariſes the difficulty of withſtanding their impulſes, even in caſes where they ought to be of no weight; for the motions of ſenſe are inſtantaneous, its objects ſtrike unſought, we are accuſtomed to follow its directions, and therefore often ſubmit to the ſentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philoſophical eſtimate, that, ſuppoſing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoiſe between the pleaſures of this life and the hopes of futurity, preſent objects more frequently falling into the ſcale, would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an inviſible ſtate would grow every moment weaker, till at laſt it would loſe all its activity, and become abſolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either ſide. The motives to a life of holineſs are infinite, not leſs than the favour or anger of Omnipotence, not leſs than eternity of happineſs or miſery. But theſe can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the buſineſs,

buſineſs or diverſions of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rights of religion ſeem to be inſtituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its neceſſity, which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the ſtanding principles of action, and the teſt by which every thing propoſed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

This is that conqueſt of the world and of ourſelves, which has always been conſidered as the perfection of human nature; and this is only to be obtained by frequent prayer, ſteady reſolutions, and frequent retirements from folly and vanity, from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance, from the lulling ſounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting ſight of proſperous wickedneſs.

An ANECDOTE.

A Diſpute having long ſubſiſted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfaſt; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to ſay, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the beſt part of the morning, yet he was ſo ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithſtanding he ſaw ſhe had not a moment to ſpare. The coachman alleged it was none of his buſineſs.—Very well, ſaid the maſter; but pray what do you call your buſineſs? To take care of the horſes, and clean and drive the coach, replied Jehu.—You ſay right, anſwered the maſter, and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I inſiſt on, that every morning before breakfaſt, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; aud I hope you will allow that to be part of your buſineſs.

POPE's UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
JEHOVAH, JOVE, or LORD!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
  Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
  When thouſand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
  Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
  On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
  Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
  Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
  Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhew,
  That mercy ſhew to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
  Since quicken'd by thy breath;

O lead

O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all beings raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

ABSURDITY OF HEREDITARY PREJUDICES EXPOSED.

SOME perſons believe every thing that their kindred, their parents, and their tutors, believe. The veneration and the love which they have for their anceſtors, incline them to ſwallow down all their opinions at once, without examining what truth or falſhood there is in them. Men take their principles by inheritance, and defend them as they would their eſtates, becauſe they are born heirs to them. I freely grant that parents are appointed

appointed by God and nature to teach us all the ſentiments and practices of our younger years; and happy are thoſe whoſe parents lead them into the paths of wiſdom and truth. I grant further, that when perſons come to years of diſcretion, and judge for themſelves, they ought to examine the opinions of their parents with the greateſt modeſty, and with an humble deference to their ſuperior character; they ought, in matters perfectly dubious, to give the preference to their parent's advice, and always to pay them the firſt reſpect, nor ever depart from their opinions and practices, till reaſon and conſcience make it neceſſary.— But after all, it is poſſible that parents may be miſtaken, and therefore reaſon and ſcripture ought to be our final rules of determination in matters that relate to this world, and that which is to come.

AN

EVENING ODE.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts ſhe brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes ſhake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the ſtream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;

Near

Near the chequer'd lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy ſecrets, Love.
Stella, thither let us ſtray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his ſtead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that ſeems but juſt to ſhow
Breaſts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now, in whiſper'd joy,
Evening's ſilent hours employ,
Silence beſt, and conſcious ſhades,
Pleaſe the hearts that love invades;
Other pleaſures give them pain,
Lovers all but love diſdain.

The WORLD never known but by a Change of FORTUNE.

THE HISTORY OF MELISSA.

BORN to a large fortune, and bred to the knowledge of thoſe arts which are ſuppoſed to accompliſh the mind, and adorn the perſon of a woman. To theſe attainments, which cuſtom

and education almoſt forced upon me, I added ſome voluntary acquiſitions by the uſe of books, and the converſation of that ſpecies of men whom the ladies generally mention with terror and averſion, under the name of ſcholars, but whom I have found a harmleſs and inoffenſive order of beings, not ſo much wiſer than ourſelves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own character by cowardly ſubmiſſion, than to overbear or oppreſs us with their learning or their wit.

From theſe men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, ſomething may be gained, which, embelliſhed with elegancy, and ſoftened by modeſty, will always add dignity and value to female converſation; and from my acquaintance with the bookiſh part of the world, I derived many principles of judgment and maxims of prudence, by which I was enabled to draw upon myſelf the general regard in every place of concourſe or pleaſure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation; my remarks were remembered by thoſe who deſired the ſecond degree of fame; my mien was ſtudied; my dreſs was imitated; my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by thoſe who copied them as ſent to themſelves; my viſits were ſolicited as honours;

nours; and multitudes boaſted of an intimacy with Meliſſa, who had only ſeen me by accident, and whoſe familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courteſy.

I ſhall make no ſcruple of confeſſing that I was pleaſed with this univerſal veneration, becauſe I always conſidered it as paid to my intrinſic qualities and inſeparable merit, and very eaſily perſuaded myſelf that fortune had no part in my ſuperiority. When I looked upon my glaſs, I ſaw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reaſon to hope their continuance. When I examined my mind, I found ſome ſtrength of judgment and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was perſuaſion.

In this manner my life paſſed like a continual triumph, amidſt acclamations, and envy, and courtſhip, and careſſes. To pleaſe Meliſſa was the general ambition, and every ſtratagem of artful flattery was practiſed upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praiſes are not believed by thoſe who pronounce them; for they prove, at leaſt, our power, and ſhew that our favour is valued, ſince it is purchaſed by the meanneſs of falſehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer

is not often detected, for an honeſt mind is not apt to ſuſpect, and no one exerts the power of diſcernment with much vigour when ſelf-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual diſtraction of my thoughts by new ſchemes of pleaſure, prevented me from liſtening to any of thoſe who crowd in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-ſeventh year; when, as I was towering in all the pride of unconteſted excellency, with a face little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatneſs and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of ſorrow or puſillanimity of dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had loſt, for having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty, than of my fortune, it did not ſuddenly enter my imagination that Meliſſa could ſink beneath her eſtabliſhed rank, while her form and her mind continued the ſame; that ſhe ſhould ceaſe to raiſe admiration but by ceaſing to deſerve it, or feel any ſtroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loſs, and to have married, by continuing the ſame appearances, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not ſo far ſunk in my own eſteem as to ſubmit to the baſeneſs of fraud, or to deſire any other recommendation than ſenſe and virtue. I therefore diſmiſſed my equipage, and thoſe ornaments which were become unſuitable to my condition, and appeared among thoſe with whom I uſed to converſe with leſs glitter, but with equal ſpirit.

I found myſelf received at every viſit, with ſorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamity in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and conſolation, ſo frequently repeated, that my friends plainly conſulted, rather their own gratification, than my relief. Some from that time refuſed my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my viſits: ſome viſited me, but after a longer interval than uſual, and every return was ſtill with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes,—to compare my preſent and former condition; to tell me how much it muſt trouble me to want the ſplendour which I became ſo well, to look at pleaſures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to ſink to a level with

with thoſe by whom I had been conſidered as moving in a higher ſphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and ſubmiſſion, which I was now no longer to expect.

Obſervations like theſe are commonly nothing better than covert inſults, which ſerve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honeſty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindneſs is intended. I will, therefore, ſo far mention my antiquated claim to politeneſs, as to venture the eſtabliſhment of this rule,—that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the ſufferer does not complain, and which there are no means propoſed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which neceſſarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by abſurd and unſeaſonable compaſſion.

My endleſs train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raiſing any emotions. The greater part had indeed always profeſſed to court, as it is termed, upon the ſquare, had enquired my fortune, and offered ſettlements. Theſe had undoubtedly a right to retire without cenſure, ſince they had openly treated for money, as neceſſary

to

to their happineſs, and who can tell how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreaſonable, who imagine themſelves injured, becauſe the men who followed them, upon the ſuppoſition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are diſcovered to have leſs. I have never known any lady, who did not think wealth a title to ſome ſtipulations in her favour; and ſurely what is claimed by the poſſeſſion of money is juſtly forfeited by its loſs. She that has once demanded a ſettlement has allowed the importance of fortune; and when ſhe cannot ſhew pecuniary merit, why ſhould ſhe think her cheapener obliged to purchaſe?

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loſs of that influence which I had always exerted on the ſide of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the aſſertion of truth. I now find my opinions ſlighted, my ſentiments criticiſed, and my arguments oppoſed by thoſe that uſed to liſten to me without reply, and ſtruggle to be firſt in expreſſing their conviction.

The female diſputants have wholly thrown off my authority, and if I endeavour to enforce my reaſons by an appeal to the ſcholars that happened to be preſent, the wretches are certain to pay their court

court by ſacrificing me and my ſyſtem to a finer gown. and I am every hour inſulted with contradiction by cowards, who could never find till lately that Meliſſa was liable to error.

There are two perſons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate, who has paſſed his life in the duties of his profeſſion, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of the dragoons. The parſon made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and inſtruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous, leſt his freedom ſhould be thought rudeneſs. The ſoldier never paid me any particular addreſſes, but very rigidly obſerved all the rules of politeneſs, which he is now ſo far from relaxing, that whenever he ſerves the tea, he obſtinately carries me the firſt diſh, in defiance of the frowns and whiſpers of the table.

SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM OF A SPANISH GENERAL.

THE dreadful maſſacres in South-America, by which millions of poor Indians, 'the gentleſt children of the ſun,' were ſavagely extirpated, have rendered the Spaniſh name deteſtable on that vaſt continent. One of the Generals of this nation, however, was not inſenſible to the kindly dictates of humanity. He was deſirous to ſpare the effuſion of blood, and to owe his conqueſt to the more innocent arts of ſtratagem. With this view he propoſed to the chiefs of certain nations who adored the ſun, that either of the two contending parties, which appeared to be viſibly protected by heaven, ſhould reign over the other, who, moreover, ſhould embrace their religion; that the Americans therefore ſhould implore the aſſiſtance of the ſun, while the Spaniards ſhould beſeech the protection of the Inviſible but Supreme Being, whom they adored as Lord of the Sun, and of the whole world. This being conſented to, the next day the Spaniſh General aſſured the American Chiefs, that he had been praying to the true God to obſcure the ſplendor of that great luminary, which his enemies worſhipped, that by ſuch a ſig-

nal miracle he might ſubdue them to his laws, and to the dominion of the King of Spain. In two hours, added the crafty Spaniard, this will certainly be! He knew that there would be an eclipſe preciſely at that time, and the poor Indians, not having the leaſt idea of aſtronomy, were ſo aſtoniſhed to find the prediction of the Spaniards fulfilled, that from that moment they heſitated not to ſubmit themſelves to the religion and government of Spain.

ANECDOTE.

AS the late Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a ſervant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night; in the morning the Dean calling for his boots, the ſervant immediately took them to him; when the Dean ſaw them, How is this, Tom, ſays he, my boots are not cleaned? No, Sir, replied Tom, as you are going to ride, I thought they would ſoon be dirty again. Very well, ſaid the Dean, go and get the horſes ready. In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfaſt.—When the ſervant returned, the Dean aſked if the horſes were ready? Yes, Sir, ſays the ſervant; Go bring them, ſaid the Dean. I have not had my

my breakfaſt yet, Sir, ſaid Tom. Oh, no matter for that, ſays the Dean, if you had it you would ſoon be hungry again. They mounted and rode off; as they rode, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and fell to reading. A gentleman met them, and ſeeing the Doctor reading, was not willing to diſturb him, but paſſed by till he met the ſervant. Who is that gentleman, ſaid he to the ſervant? It is my maſter, Sir, ſaid Tom. I know that, you blockhead, ſaid the gentleman, but where are you going? We are going to heaven, Sir, ſays Tom. How do you know that? ſaid the gentleman. Becauſe I am faſting, and my maſter is praying, Sir, ſo I think we are in the right road to that place.

BETTY BROOM's HISTORY.

I AM a poor girl. I was bred in the country at a charity-ſchool, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The ladies, our patroneſſes, viſited us from time to time, examined how we were taught, and ſaw that our clothes were clean. We lived happily enough, and were inſtructed to be thankful to thoſe at whoſe coſt we were educated. I was always the favourite of my miſtreſs; ſhe uſed to call me to read and ſhew my

copy-book to all ſtrangers, who never diſmiſſed me without a commendation, and very ſeldom without a ſhilling.

At laſt the chief of our ſubſcribers, having paſſed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and ſtrange to the whole country.—She held it little leſs than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, ſhe ſaid, are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the leſs they know. She told her friends that London was in confuſion by the inſolence of ſervants—that ſcarcely a wench was to be got *for all work*, ſince education had made ſuch numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or ſomething that might qualify her to wear laced ſhoes and long ruffles, and to ſit at work in the parlour window. But ſhe was reſolved, for her part, to ſpoil no more girls; thoſe who were to live by their hands, ſhould neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and ſhe would have no part in making it worſe.

She was for a ſhort time warmly oppoſed; but ſhe perſevered in her notions, and withdrew her ſubſcription. Few liſten without a deſire of conviction

viction to thoſe who adviſe them to ſpare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily, and in leſs than a year the whole pariſh was convinced, that the nation would be ruined if the children of the poor were taught to read and write.

Our ſchool was now diſſolved; my miſtreſs kiſſed me when we parted, and told me, that, being old and helpleſs, ſhe could not aſſiſt me, adviſed me to ſeek a ſervice, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for ſcholarſhip, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the new opinion, conſidered as a crime; and, when I offered myſelf to any miſtreſs, I had no other anſwer than, *Sure, child, you would not work; hard work is not fit for a penwoman;—a ſcrubbing-bruſh would ſpoil your hand, child.*

I could not live at home; and while I was conſidering to what I ſhould betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our ſchool to London, came down in a ſilk gown, and told her acquaintance how well ſhe lived, what fine things ſhe ſaw, and what great wages ſhe received. I reſolved to try my fortune, and took my paſſage in the next week's

week's waggon to London. I had no ſnares laid for me at my arrival, but came ſafe to a ſiſter of my miſtreſs, who undertook to get me a place.—She knew only the families of mean tradeſmen; and I having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the firſt offer.

My firſt miſtreſs was wife of a working watch-maker, who earned more than was ſufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty; but it was their conſtant practice to hire a chaiſe on Sunday, and ſpend half the wages of the week on Richmond-hill; on Monday he commonly lay half in bed, and ſpent the other half in merriment; Tueſday and Wedneſday conſumed the reſt of his money; and three days every week were paſſed in extremity of want by us who were left at home, while my maſter lived on truſt at an alehouſe.—You may be ſure that of the ſufferers the maid ſuffered moſt, and I left them after three months, rather than be ſtarved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My miſtreſs was a diligent woman, and roſe early in the morning to ſet the journeymen to work; my maſter was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and ſat at one club or other every night.

night. I was obliged to wait on my maſter at night, and on my miſtreſs in the morning; he ſeldom came home before two, and ſhe roſe at five. I could no more live without ſleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another ſervant.

My next removal was to a linendraper's, who had ſix children. My miſtreſs, when I firſt entered the houſe, informed me, that I muſt never contradict the children, nor ſuffer them to cry.—I had no deſire to offend, and readily promiſed to do my beſt. But when I gave them their breakfaſt, I could not help all firſt; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the reſt in expectation. That which was not gratified always reſented the injury with a loud outcry, which put my miſtreſs in a fury at me, and procured ſugar-plumbs to the child. I could not keep ſix children quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous, and was therefore diſmiſſed, as a girl honeſt, but not good-natured.

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty ſhop of remnants, and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book; and being therefore often called at a buſy time, to ſerve the cuſtomers, expected that I ſhould now be happy, in proportion

proportion as I was uſeful. But my miſtreſs appropriated every day part of the profit to ſome private uſe, and, as ſhe grew bolder in her theft, at laſt deducted ſuch ſums, that my maſter began to wonder how he ſold ſo much, and gained ſo little. She pretended to aſſiſt his enquiries, and began, very gravely, to hope that Betty was honeſt, and yet thoſe ſharp girls were apt to be light fingered. You will believe that I did not ſtay there much longer.

Having left the laſt place in haſte to avoid the charge or the ſuſpicion of theft, I had not ſecured another ſervice, and was forced to take a lodging in a back ſtreet. I had now got good clothes. The woman who lived in the garret oppoſite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to enquire for a miſtreſs. I knew not why ſhe was ſo kind, nor how I could recompence her; but in a few days I miſſed ſome of my linen, went to another lodging, and reſolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In ſix weeks I became under-maid at the houſe of a mercer in Cornhill, whoſe ſon was his apprentice. The young gentleman uſed to ſit late at the tavern without the knowledge of his father,

and

and I was ordered by my miſtreſs to let him in ſilently to his bed under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, whilſt the reſt of the family was in bed, I conſidered as ſupernumerary, and having no buſineſs aſſigned for them, thought myſelf at liberty to ſpend them my own way; I kept myſelf awake with a book, and for ſome time liked my ſtate the better for this opportunity of reading. At laſt the upper-maid found my book, and ſhewed it to my miſtreſs, who told me that wenches like me might ſpend their time better; that ſhe never knew any of the readers that had good deſigns in their heads; that ſhe could always find ſomething elſe to do with her time, than to puzzle over books; and did not like that ſuch a fine lady ſhould ſit up for her young maſter.

This was the firſt time that I found or thought it criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was diſmiſſed decently, leſt I ſhould tell tales, and had a ſmall gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentlewoman of a ſmall fortune. This was the only happy part of my life; my miſtreſs, for whom public diverſions were too expenſive, ſpent her time with books, and was pleaſed to find a maid who could partake of her

amuſements. I roſe early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or liſten, and was ſuffered to tell my opinion, or expreſs my delight. Thus fifteen months ſtole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to ſervitude.—But a burning fever ſeized my miſtreſs, of whom I ſhall ſay no more than that her ſervant wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for another place, and was rather too delicate for the converſation of a kitchen; ſo that when I was hired into the family of an Eaſt-India Director, my behaviour was ſo different, as they ſaid, from that of a common ſervant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in diſguiſe, and turned me out in three weeks, on ſuſpicion of ſome deſign which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obſtruction from my new accompliſhments, and was hired under the houſekeeper in a ſplendid family. Here I was too wiſe for the maids, and too nice for the footman; yet I might have lived on without much uneaſineſs, had not my miſtreſs, the houſekeeper, who uſed to employ me in buying neceſſaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's

day's expences. I ſuppoſe it did not quite agree with her own book, for ſhe fiercely declared her reſolution, that there ſhould be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the juſtice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation; and I was eaſily admitted into another houſe in the neighbourhood, where my buſineſs was to ſweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was, for ſome time, the favourite of Mrs. Simper, my lady's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of ſome education. Mrs. Simper loved a novel, though ſhe could not read hard words, and therefore, when her lady was abroad, we always laid hold on her books. At laſt my abilities became ſo much celebrated, that the houſe-ſteward uſed to employ me in keeping his accounts. Mrs. Simper then found out that my ſaucineſs was grown to ſuch a height that nobody could endure it, and told my lady, that there never had been a room well ſwept ſince *Betty Broom* came into the houſe.

I was then hired by a conſumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her four years, and though ſhe was never pleaſed, yet when I declared my reſolution to

leave her, ſhe burſt into tears, and told me that I muſt bear the peeviſhneſs of a ſick-bed, and I would find myſelf remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but in leſs than a week, when I ſet her gruel before her, I laid the ſpoon on the left ſide, and ſhe threw her will into the fire. In two days ſhe made another, which ſhe burnt in the ſame manner, becauſe ſhe could not eat her chicken. A third was made and deſtroyed, becauſe ſhe heard a mouſe within the wainſcot, and was ſure that I ſhould ſuffer her to be carried away alive. After this I was for ſome time out of favour; but as her illneſs grew upon her, reſentment and ſullenneſs gave way to kinder ſentiments. She died and left me five hundred pounds; with this fortune I am going to ſettle in my native pariſh, where I reſolve to ſpend ſome hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write.

SIR Walter Raleigh, diſcourſing with ſome friends, in the Tower, of Happineſs, urged, that it was not only a freedom from diſeaſes and pains of the body, but from anxiety and vexation of ſpirit; not only to enjoy the pleaſures of ſenſe, but peace of conſcience, and inward tranquillity.

And

And this happineſs, ſo ſuitable to the immortality of our ſouls, and the eternal ſtate we muſt live in, is only to be met with in Religion.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

IN the year 1718, Dryden's '*All for Love*' was performed for the amuſement of the old Duke of Marlborough, by perſons of faſhion. Among the learned who were preſent are to be mentioned the names of Biſhop Hoadly, Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Sir Richard Steele.

Lady Bateman, who was the Duke's favourite grandchild, and very beautiful, played the part of Cleopatra; her Ladyſhip applied in vain to Sir Richard Steele for a prologue on that extraordinary occaſion. Biſhop Hoadly, perceiving her anxiety, on retiring at bed-time, called for pen, ink, and paper, and in the morning delivered to Lady Bateman a prologue, which is preſerved in Mr. Duncombe's collection of 'Letters by ſeveral eminent Perſons.' Her Ladyſhip accordingly ſpoke it in the evening; and the compliments in the following lines, with his grand-daughter's attention,

tention, being as acceptable as it was ſudden—his Grace burſt into tears.

EXTRACT.

'This heap of ſtones, which Blenheim's palace frame,
'Roſe in this form a trophy to thy name:
'This heap of ſtones muſt crumble into ſand;
'But thy great name ſhall through all ages ſtand.
'In fate's dark book I ſaw thy long-liv'd name,
'And thus the certain prophecy proclaim:—
"One ſhall ariſe,* who will thy deeds rehearſe,
"Not in arch'd roof, or in ſuſpended verſe;
"But in plain annals of each glorious year;
"With pomp of truths the ſtory ſhall appear.
"Long after Blenheim's walls ſhall moulder'd lie,
"Or, blown by winds, to diſtant regions fly,
"By him ſhall thy great actions all ſurvive,
"And by thy name ſhall his be taught to live."

In the courſe of the play, Sir Richard Steele, who ſat next to the Biſhop, often remarked how well Captain Fiſher, who played the part of Anthony, performed the character; and the Captain being particularly impaſſioned with Lady Bate-

* This probably alludes to Sir Richard Steele's intention of writing a Hiſtory of the Duke's campaigns.

man,

man, Sir Richard remarked—'I doubt this Fiſh is Fleſh, my Lord.'

ANECDOTE OF AN ATTORNEY.

A Worthy old gentleman in the country, having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do ſome law buſineſs for him in London, was greatly ſurprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at leaſt three times the ſum he expected. The honeſt attorney aſſured him, that there was no article in his bill but what was fair and reaſonable. Nay, ſaid the country gentleman, there's one of them, I am ſure, cannot be ſo, for you have ſet down three ſhillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my buſineſs lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir? Oh! Sir, ſaid he, that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's, that you ſent me for a preſent out of the country.

AN ANECDOTE.

M. Le Porter, page to Lewis XIV. in the Memoirs of the French Court, informs us that there was an old Courtier, then living, who had

had roſe gradually from Page to the Queen Catherine of Medicis, to be an aſſiſtant to the Favourite, and in time ſupplanted him; who, after thirty years, and numberleſs changes, was diſmiſſed with an honourable penſion, and the Order of St. Lewis. The old gentleman, during a ſevere illneſs, confeſſed to a Rev. Court Chaplain, with ſeeming contrition, the ways and means he had ſubmitted to, to preſerve favour, and to acquire preferment. The Rev. Father having confidence in his penitent, freely acknowledged the great ſimilarity in their proceedings through the courſe of their earthly progreſs, though not with equal ſucceſs, or he had long ſince been Archbiſhop; paſſing at the ſame time a modeſt compliment on the venerable Courtier's ſuperior judgment and perſeverance.—The Knight looking ſtedfaſtly on his Reverence, ſaid, "from ſuch ſincere confeſſions, ſhall we not preſume to abſolve each other, without juſtly incurring the cenſure of the Holy Romiſh Church." The good Prieſt's zeal not exceeding his knowledge, he received with humility a lay abſolution.

THE INESTIMABLE
VALUE OF TIME.

EVERY hour you live is an hour given you to prepare for dying, and to ſave a ſoul. If you were but apprized of the worth of your own ſouls, you would better know the worth of days and hours, and of every paſſing moment; for they are given to ſecure your immortal intereſt, and ſave a ſoul from everlaſting miſery. And you would be zealous and importunate in the prayer of Moſes, the man of God, upon a meditation of the ſhortneſs of life, Pſ. xc. 12. "So teach us to number our days, as to apply our hearts to wiſdom." *i. e.* So teach us to conſider how few and uncertain our days are, that we may be truly wiſe in preparing for the end of them.

It is a matter of vaſt importance to be ever ready for the end of time, ready to hear this awful ſentence confirmed with the oath of the glorious angel, that 'time ſhall be no longer.' The terrors or the comforts of a dying-bed depend upon it: the ſolemn and deciſive voice of judgment depends upon it; the joys and the ſorrows of a long eternity depend upon it:—Go now, careleſs ſinner, and in the view of ſuch things as theſe,

go and trifle away time as you have done before; time, that invaluable treaſure: go, and venture the loſs of your ſouls, and the hopes of heaven and your eternal happineſs, in waſting away the remnant of hours or moments of life: but remember, the awful voice of the angel is haſtening towards you, and the ſound is juſt breaking upon you, that 'time ſhall be no longer.'

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERIC THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

ONE time the King rung his bell, but nobody coming, he opened the door of the antichamber, and found his page ſleeping on a chair. In going to wake him, he perceived a written paper hanging out of his pocket. This excited his curioſity and attention; he drew it out and found it to be a letter from the page's mother, wherein ſhe thanked her ſon for his kind aſſiſtance, in ſending her part of his wages; for which heaven would certainly reward him, if he continued his faithful ſervice to God and his Majeſty. The King walked ſoftly back to his apartment, fetched a roll of ducats, and ſlipped it with the letter into his

his pocket again. Soon after he rung the bell ſo hard that the page awoke, and made his appearance. "Surely you have been aſleep," ſaid the King. The boy ſtammered part of an excuſe, and part of a confeſſion; and in his confuſion, putting his hand into his pocket, he felt, with the greateſt ſurpriſe, the roll of ducats. He drew it out, trembling, grew pale, and ſtared at the Monarch with tears ſtarting from his eyes, and unable to utter a ſyllable. "What is the matter?" ſaid the King. 'Alas! your Majeſty,' ſobbed the page, falling on his knees, 'my ruin is intended, I know nothing of this money.' "Why," ſaid the King, "whenever fortune does come, ſhe comes ſleeping—you may ſend it to your mother, with my compliments, and aſſure her, I will provide for you both." The unexpected joy this gave the page, is beyond deſcription.

This very ſcene has produced a comedy, entitled '*The Noble Youth*,' by Profeſſor Engle.

UNCERTAINTY OF FRIENDSHIP.

LIFE has no pleaſure higher or nobler than that of Friendſhip. It is painful to conſider that this ſublime enjoyment may be impaired or

 deſtroyed

deſtroyed by innumerable cauſes, and that there is no human poſſeſſion of which the duration is leſs certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of Friendſhip, of invincible Conſtancy, and unalienable Kindneſs; and ſome examples have been ſeen of men who have continued faithful to their earlieſt choice, and whoſe affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But theſe inſtances are memorable becauſe they are rare. The Friendſhip which is to be practiſed or expected by common mortals, muſt take its riſe from mutual pleaſure, and muſt end when the power ceaſes of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen, by which the ardour of kindneſs will be abated, without criminal baſeneſs or contemptible inconſtancy on either part. To give pleaſure is not always in our power, and little does he know himſelf, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Thoſe who would gladly paſs their days together, may be ſeparated by the different courſe of their affairs; and Friendſhip, like love, is deſtroyed by

by long abſence, though it may be increaſed by ſhort intermiſſions.—What we have miſſed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been loſt till it is forgotten, will be found at laſt with little gladneſs, and with ſtill leſs if a ſubſtitute has ſupplied the place. A man, deprived of the companion to whom he uſed to open his boſom, and with whom he ſhared the hours of leiſure and merriment, feels the day at firſt hanging heavy on him; his difficulties oppreſs, and his doubts diſtract him; he ſees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is ſadneſs within and ſolitude about him. But this uneaſineſs never laſts long; neceſſity produces expedients, new amuſements are diſcovered, and new converſation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently diſappointed, than that which naturally ariſes in the mind from the proſpect of meeting an old friend, after long ſeparation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man conſiders how much alteration time has made in himſelf, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. The firſt hour convinces them, that the pleaſure which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end; different ſcenes have made different impreſſions, the opinions of both

are

are changed, and that ſimilitude of manners and ſentiment is loſt, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themſelves.

Friendſhip is often deſtroyed by oppoſition of intereſt, not only by the ponderous and viſible intereſt, which the deſire of wealth and greatneſs forms and maintains, but by a thouſand ſecret and ſlight competitions, ſcarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is ſcarcely any man without ſome favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, ſome deſire of petty praiſe which he cannot patiently ſuffer to be fruſtrated. This minute ambition is ſometimes croſſed before it is known, and ſometimes defeated by wanton petulance; but ſuch attacks are ſeldom made without the loſs of Friendſhip; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the reſentment will burn on in ſecret of which ſhame hinders the diſcovery.

This, however, is a ſlow malignity, which a wiſe man will obviate as inconſiſtent with quiet, and a good man will repreſs as contrary to virtue; but human happineſs is ſometimes violated by ſome more ſudden ſtrokes.

A diſpute begun in jeſt, upon a ſubject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careleſs indifference, is continued by the deſire of conqueſt, ſtill vanity kindles into rage, and oppoſition rankles into enmity. Againſt this haſty miſchief I know not what ſecurity can be obtained; men will be ſometimes ſurprized into quarrels, and though they might both haſten to reconciliation, as ſoon as their tumult had ſubſided, yet two minds will be ſeldom found together, which can at once ſubdue their diſcontent, or immediately enjoy the ſweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendſhip has other enemies. Suſpicion is always hardening the cautious, and diſguſt repelling the delicate. Very ſlender differences will ſometimes part thoſe whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united.——Lonelove and Ranger retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in ſix weeks cold and petulant; Ranger's pleaſure was to walk in the fields, and Lonelove's to ſit in a bower; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The moſt fatal diſeaſe of friendſhip is gradual decay, or diſlike hourly increaſed by cauſes too ſlender

ſlender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Thoſe who are angry may be reconciled; thoſe who have been injured may receive a recompence; but when the deſire of pleaſing, and willingneſs to be pleaſed, are ſilently diminiſhed, the renovation of friendſhip is hopeleſs; as when the vital powers ſink into languor, there is no longer any uſe of the phyſician.

A HYMN.

OUR God is the Father of all,
The Father of mercies and love;
He pities the works of his hands,
Though he reigns in the heavens above.

Not a ſparrow can fall to the ground
Without his permiſſion and care;
From ſuch a kind Father and Friend,
Then what have his children to fear?

We've nothing to fear but from ſin,
It is ſin that diſpleaſes our God;
When we diſobey his commands,
Like a Father he uſes the rod.

ADVICE FROM A YOUNG LADY

TO HER

FEMALE ACQUAINTANCE,

LATELY MARRIED.

HEAR, Peggy, ſince the ſingle ſtate
You've left, and choſe yourſelf a mate,
Since metamorphos'd to a wife,
And bliſs or woe inſur'd for life;
A friendly muſe the way would ſhow,
To gain the bliſs, and miſs the woe:
But firſt of all I muſt ſuppoſe
You've with mature reflection choſe;
And this premis'd, I think you may
Here find to married bliſs the way.

Small is the province of a wife,
And narrow is her ſphere of life;
Within that ſphere to move aright,
Should be her principal delight;
To guide the houſe with prudent care,
And properly to ſpend and ſpare;
To make her huſband bleſs the day
He gave his liberty away;
To form the infant's tender mind;
Theſe are the taſks to wives aſſign'd:

Then never think domeſtic care
Beneath the province of the fair,
But daily thoſe affairs inſpect,
That nought be waſted through neglect:
Be frugal plenty round you ſeen,
And always keep the golden mean.

Be always clean, but ſeldom fine,
Let decent neatneſs round you ſhine:
If once fair decency be fled,
Love ſoon deſerts the genial bed.

The early days of wedded life
Are oft o'ercaſt with childiſh ſtrife;
But be it your peculiar care
To keep that ſeaſon bright and fair;
For then's the time, by gentle art,
To fix your empire in his heart;
With kind obliging carriage ſtrive
To keep the lamp of love alive:
For ſhould it through neglect expire,
No art again can light the fire.

To charm his reaſon, dreſs your mind,
Till love ſhall be with friendſhip join'd;
Rais'd on that baſis 'twill endure,
From Time and Death itſelf ſecure.

Be ſure you ne'er for power contend,
Nor ſeek by tears to gain your end;
Moſt times thoſe tears which cloud our eyes,
From pride and obſtinacy riſe:
Heaven gave to man ſuperior ſway,
Then heaven and him at once obey.

Let ſullen frowns your brows ne'er cloud,
Be always cheerful—never loud:
Let trifles never diſcompoſe
Your features, temper, or repoſe.

Abroad for happineſs ne'er roam,
True happineſs conſiſts at home;
Still make your partner eaſy there,
(Man finds abroad ſufficient care)
If every thing at home be right,
He'll always enter with delight;
Your converſe he'll prefer to all
Thoſe cheats the world do pleaſure call;
With cheerful chat his cares beguile,
And always meet him with a ſmile.

Should paſſion e'er his ſoul deform,
Serenely meet the burſting ſtorm;
Never in wordy war engage,
Nor ever meet his rage with rage;

With all our ſex's ſoft'ning art,
Recall loſt reaſon to his heart;
Thus calm the tempeſt in his breaſt,
And ſweetly ſoothe his ſoul to reſt.

Be ſure you ne'er arraign his ſenſe,
(Few huſbands pardon that offence)
'Twill diſcord raiſe, diſguſt it breeds,
And hatred certainly ſucceeds;
Then ſhun, O ſhun, the fatal ſhelf!
Still think him wiſer than yourſelf;
Or if you otherwiſe believe,
Ne'er let him ſuch a thought perceive.

When care invades your partner's heart,
Bear you a ſympathizing part,
And kindly claim your ſhare of pain,
And half his troubles ſtill ſuſtain:
From riſing morn till ſetting night,
To ſee him pleas'd, your ſole delight.

But now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Shall ſhe pretend,—O vanity!—
To lay down rules for wedded life,
Who never was herſelf a wife?
I own you've ample cauſe to chide,
And, bluſhing, throw my pen aſide.

ROB-

ROBBERY OF TIME.

WHEN Diogenes received a viſit in his tub from Alexander the Great, and was aſked, according to the ancient forms of royal courteſy, what petition he had to offer, "I have nothing," ſaid he, "to aſk, but that you would remove to the other ſide, that you may not, by intercepting the ſunſhine, take from me what you cannot give me."

Such was the demand of Diogenes from the greateſt monarch of the earth, which thoſe, who have leſs power than Alexander, may with yet more propriety apply to themſelves. He that does much good, may be allowed to do ſometimes a little harm. But if the opportunities of beneficence be denied by fortune, innocence ſhould at leaſt be vigilantly preſerved.

It is well known, that time once paſt never returns, and that the moment which is loſt, is loſt for ever. Time therefore ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invaſion; and yet there is no man who does not claim the power of waſting that time which is the right of others.

This

This uſurpation is ſo general, that a very ſmall part of the year is ſpent by choice; ſcarcely any thing is done when it is intended, or obtained when it is deſired. Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one ſteals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into buſineſs, another by lulling us with amuſement; the depredation is continued through a thouſand viciſſitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having loſt all, we can loſe no more.

This waſte of the lives of men has been very frequently charged upon the Great, whoſe followers linger from year to year in expectations, and die at laſt with petitions in their hands. Thoſe who raiſe envy will eaſily incur cenſure. I know not whether ſtateſmen and patrons do not ſuffer more reproaches than they deſerve, and may not rather themſelves complain that they are given up a prey to pretenſions without merit, and to importunity without ſhame.

The truth is, that the inconveniences of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number ſolicitation is its own reward: To be ſeen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freſheſt news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of increaſe

creaſe or decline of favour, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compenſations more than equivalent to the delay of favours, which perhaps he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect.

A man conſpicuous in a high ſtation, who multiplies hopes that he may multiply dependants, may be conſidered as a beaſt of prey, juſtly dreaded, but eaſily avoided; his den is known, and they who would not be devoured, need not approach it. The great danger of the waſte of time is from caterpillars and moths, who are not reſiſted, becauſe they are not feared, and who work on with unheeded miſchiefs, and inviſible encroachments.

He, whoſe rank or merit procures him the notice of mankind, muſt give up himſelf in a great meaſure to the convenience or humour of thoſe that ſurround him. Every man who is ſick of himſelf, will fly to him for relief; he that wants to ſpeak will require him to hear; and he that wants to hear will expect him to ſpeak. Hour paſſes after hour, the noon ſucceeds to morning, and the evening to noon, while a thouſand objects are forced upon his attention, which he rejects as faſt as they are offered, but which the cuſtom of the world

world requires to be received with appearance of regard.

If we will have the kindneſs of others, we muſt endure their follies; he, who cannot perſuade himſelf to withdraw from ſociety, muſt be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants; to the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps; to the conſulter, who aſks advice which he never takes; to the boaſter, who bluſters only to be praiſed; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whoſe happineſs is to entertain his friends with expectations which all but himſelf know to be vain; to the œconomiſt, who tells of bargains and ſettlements; to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles, and breach of alliances; to the uſurer, who compares the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only becauſe he loves to be talking.

To put every man in poſſeſſion of his own time, and reſcue the day from this ſucceſſion of uſurpers, is beyond my power and beyond my hope. Yet, perhaps, ſome ſtop might be put to this unmerciful perſecution, if all would ſeriouſly reflect, that whoever pays a viſit that is not deſired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty of

of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

ON THE

GENERAL CRUELTY OF SCHOOLS.

POVERTY, or covetouſneſs, I have obſerved to be the two motives with men to undertake the drudgery of a ſchool: from the laſt nothing good can come, the motive is bad: from the firſt we may expect ſomething: hunger ſoftens brutes; but a peculiar attention ſhould be paid to the temper of the man. If he is haſty and iraſcible, it will vent itſelf in beating and cruelty to the children; if mild and gentle, it will be alluring and irreſiſtibly perſuaſive. An Apoſtle hath ſaid, "Fathers provoke not your children to wrath:" but how many children, in contempt of this precept, are provoked to wrath by the wanton cruelties of maſters! Many an amiable diſpoſition has been ruined by unhappily falling under ſuch hands.

Why is it that our univerſities ſend us back ſo few bright men? The cauſe, in a great meaſure, is in our ſchools. Young men, glad that they are eſcaped from ſlavery and the laſh, to a land of liberty, think they can never enjoy it enough;

and finding the college exercise trifling, and that little time is required to perform it, the rest is devoted to pleasure, and such pleasure too that often stupifies the scholar, and leaves what the chemists call a *caput mortuum*, a lump of dulness.

A friend of mine, whom I have heard lament the present insensible method of masters, thought he had found out a proper place for an only child at what is called a private school, that is, by the bye, only a more crafty method to pick your pocket; but he found himself miserably deceived. I was at his house when what I am going to relate happened. One Silex, I believe, a Welch parson, set up some years since such a school as this, craftily giving out that he would take but a few, but would have his price. My friend was caught in the deception: he sent his son, unsuspecting any severity, much less cruelty. The boy was of an amiable disposition, and very ready at learning; but it happened once, after his return from home some four or five days, doubtless with thoughts uncollected for school exercise at such a season, that he missed a word in construing his lesson. The fault was unpardonable; he was beat upon his head, his money taken from him, and, *horrendum dictu!* he was told that he should be confined to the school-room three days without victuals,

and

and at the end be ſeverely flogged. What man, under ſuch circumſtances, would not meditate an eſcape? much more then a boy, not eleven years old. He bore, however, with patience, the firſt day's confinement, though victuals were brought to him, but as it were by ſtealth. The manner of this conveyance confirmed him that he muſt undergo the puniſhment. Into what an agony muſt ſuch a child be thrown by ſuch cruel treatment? Fear is a dreadful painter. The images it draws in the mind are horrible; but ſome of his ſchoolfellows, commiſerating his caſe, perſuaded him to attempt his eſcape. The undertaking was arduous, yet the next morning he ſet out, and though he had near thirty miles to travel, he was at home by dinner; ſuch was the ſwiftneſs fear gave to his feet. But what a ſcene of diſtreſs did I there behold! the ſudden ſurprize by the child's return, the fear leſt he ſhould have overheated his blood, and a multitude of miſgiving thoughts, had very near been too much for the parents.

My blood, I confeſs, boiled againſt the wretch that had thus wantonly ſported in cruelty, which might have turned out fatal to a family, and imbittered the reſt of their days: but maſters make light of theſe things, and tell them with glee and pleaſure over their pipes and bottles. It is high

time for authority to interpoſe. Apprentices enjoy its protection; for it is forbid maſters to uſe any cruelty with them. Why then ſhould it not interpoſe, and lay its commands on ſchoolmaſters? Why muſt children, leſs able to bear ſeverity, be unmercifully expoſed to it? Colleges have viſitors, and alſo many other inſtitutions to regulate abuſes. Let viſitors then be appointed at the public expence to be a check upon ſchoolmaſters. It would be money wiſely diſburſed, no matter for men of learning; honeſt and humane will be ſufficient. The end of their office is only to be a check upon their maſters. The will of man unchecked naturally grows imperious. How comes it to paſs that we have been wiſe enough to lay reſtraints on each other in every other affair of life, and yet have neglected to place a watch upon ſchoolmaſters? Talk with men who have either paſſed through a public or private ſchool, and you will not hear one in three ſpeak well of the maſter's humanity. Many ſchools are more terrifying to children than priſons to men.

The

The following elegant Lines were written on the Death of the Rev. MOORE MEREDITH, *Vice-Maſter of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Mr.* H. F. SOAME, *Student of that College, and fixed upon the Pall of the deceaſed, according to the cuſtom of that Society.*

SONS of the world, who view with ſcornful eyes
The grave in which ſequeſter'd ſcience lies;
Who mock the ſtudent's toils, or mark them not,
Or deem he labours but to be forgot;
Exiſts a while within the cloiſter's gloom,
Then ſinks unheeded to an humble tomb!
Come, ye who proudly ſcorn the pedant's boaſt,
Here weep the talents which you honour moſt!
Know that there ſleeps on this lamented bier
All that might well have grac'd your gayer ſphere;
Wit, that to dulneſs only gave offence,
And learning's ſtore ſubſervient ſtill to ſenſe;
The ſportive fancy, and the humourous vein,
Which numbers imitate, but few attain;
Quick to conceive, and ready to expreſs
The clear conception in its happieſt dreſs;
Fire, that with ſeventy winters ſnow could wage
Succeſsful war, and melt the froſt of age.
Mourn him, ye gay, for you had ſure approv'd
Whom *Yorick* honour'd, and *Eugenius** lov'd;

* STERNE and HALL, both of Jeſus College, and intimate friends of Mr. MEREDITH.

Refuſe the decent tribute, if you can,
Due to the Wit, the Scholar, and the Man!

ANECDOTE

OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

SOME months ſince, while the Prince of Mecklenburgh Strelitz was on a viſit to his Royal Highneſs, he took him to Scheveling, to ſee the departure of the veſſels and boats employed in the fiſhery, (eſteemed a fine ſight in Holland) and on which occaſion the ſeamen and crews generally vie with each other in parade and dexterity. The Prince of Orange ſtanding near the water's edge, as the veſſels were about hoiſting ſail, a boy on board one of the veſſels, eager to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the eye of the Prince, by exhibiting ſome feats of activity, unfortunately fell overboard, and was drowned: at ſight of which the Prince of Orange inſtantly jumped into the water, with a generous view of ſaving him, and was in the greateſt danger of being drowned, by a wave rolling over him; but having been with difficulty reſcued from the peril, ſome of his attendants aſked him why he hazarded himſelf, whoſe life was ſo valuable to the public. When he declared, in the moſt humane and affectionate terms, that at the inſtant the

the boy fell in, he forgot his conſequence, his philanthropy over-ruling, and felt himſelf equally intereſted to ſave him, as if he had been his brother. A ſpeech not only expreſſive of his exalted ſoul, but worthy the deſcendant of ſuch illuſtrious anceſtors. Further, the Prince, as a proof of his noble humanity, ſettled a handſome penſion on the parents of the boy, who loſt his life in a laudable, though hazardous endeavour, to encreaſe the entertainment of his Prince.

An ANECDOTE.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckingham, when Earl of Mulgrave, was Lord Chamberlain to King James II. He was apt to comply in every thing that he thought might be acceptable; for he went with the King to maſs, and kneeled at it; and being looked upon as indifferent to all religions, the Prieſts made an attack upon him. He heard them gravely arguing for tranſubſtantiation. He told them, "he was willing to receive inſtruction:—he had taken much pains to bring himſelf to believe in God who made the world, and all men in it; but it muſt not be an ordinary force of argument that could make him believe, that man was quits with God, and made God again."

A GAMING ANECDOTE.

A Very reſpectable gentleman, who had an averſion to cards, that he might not be deemed unfaſhionable in a family where he often viſited, and public days for play were ſet apart, found himſelf under the neceſſity to play deep; but it was his good fortune generally to be ſucceſsful. After ſome years of intimacy, the maſter of the family took him aſide one day, and imparted to him the melancholy ſecret, that his affairs were in a moſt embarraſſed ſtate. The gentleman expreſſed his concern at his friend's diſtreſs, and entreated him not to deſpair. On his return home, he opened a private drawer in his bureau, in which he had nightly depoſited his winnings at the card tables in his friend's houſe, and the next day he inſiſted on refunding the ſum this inconſiderate man and his family had loſt. It was ſufficient to give a turn to his affairs, and to ſave his friend from inſtant impriſonment; but he reſtored it only on this condition, that they ſhould never play at cards again.

FINIS.